The Sphere

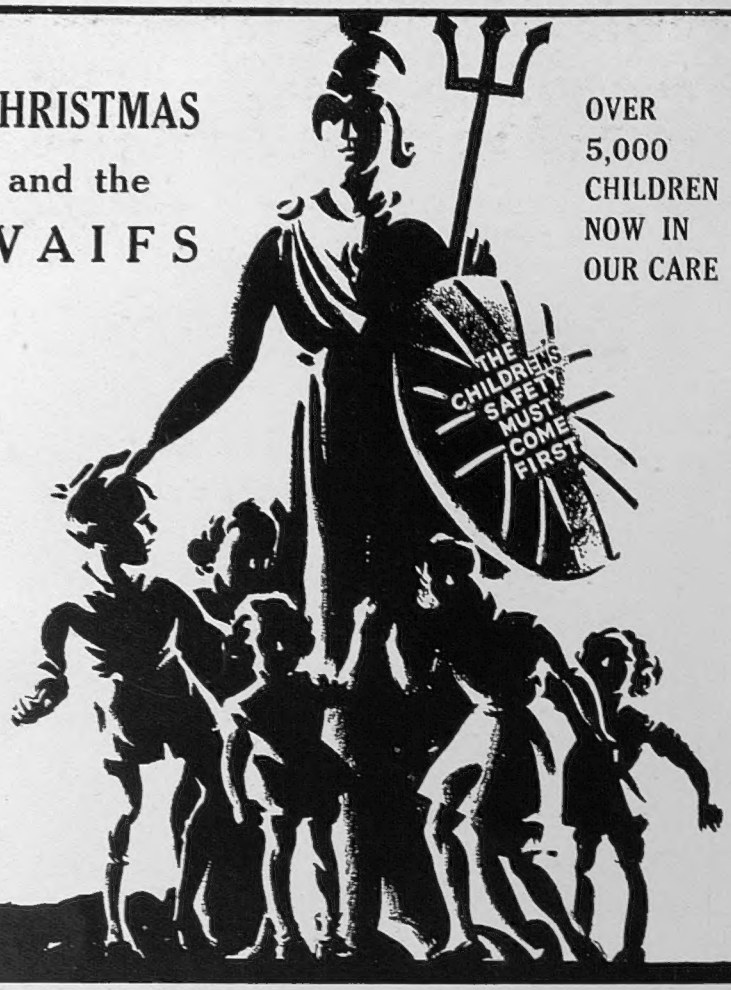
Christmas 1940

Publishing Office : 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS

CHRISTMAS and the WAIFS

OVER 5,000 CHILDREN NOW IN OUR CARE



Your CHRISTMAS GIFT will give a measure of safety to the motherless children of our Fighting Forces, evacuees, orphans, and those rendered homeless because of the War

The Smallest GIFT Gratefully received by The Secretary

WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY

KENNINGTON LONDON S.E.11.

CHARITY IN WARTIME:

The Salvation Army.

THE Salvation Army War Work has been in operation just over a year. When the work was organised in September 1939, it was hoped to open Red Shield Clubs for Service men and women at the rate of one per day during the first year. That hope was more than realised, as 320 Clubs were opened in Great Britain, and nearly 60 among the B.E.F. in France, although the latter had to be abandoned when the British forces evacuated, with a loss to the Salvation Army of some £65,000 worth of buildings, stores and equipment. Plans are in hand for the opening of 50 more Clubs in Great Britain within the next few weeks, many of them at R.A.F. Centres, where they are particularly appreciated. It is the aim of the Salvation Army War Welfare Work to meet every kind of need wherever Service men and women are stationed. Red Shield activities include hostels, rest rooms and canteens at stations, clubs in camps and towns, a number of these being for use of A.T.S., W.A.A.F., and Nursing Services; hostels and clubs at ports. Much has been done, but it only serves to emphasise the vast needs which still remain. Scores more Red Shield Clubs and Hostels, hundreds of Mobile Canteens are required to provide the same cheery service for the thousands of men who are entering the Forces week by week.

A Salvation Army Mobile Canteen providing refreshments for members of the Auxiliary Fire Service.

The N.S.P.C.C.

The passage of time does not bring any lessening of the need for vigilance by the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. For if wilful brutality to children is passing with the growth of education there is still vital need for enlightenment of those who cause pain and suffering to little ones by ignorance or misguided efforts. The National Society tries to reform adults by persuasion rather than by punishment. To make the children happy in their own homes is one of the objects of the Society, and another is to form a healthy public opinion on the rights of children. Christmas is the Children's Festival and contributions will be gratefully received by the Hon. Treasurer, Sir George Wyatt Truscott, Bt., N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

The Royal Cancer Hospital.

The Royal Cancer Hospital claims to offer the greatest dividend on funds entrusted to its care. Every penny contributed to this worthy institution means Hope for another sufferer from the dread disease of Cancer. The return on *your* investment is measured not in figures, but in the lightness of a heart, in the uplifting of a downcast spirit, in the restoration of a human soul to the joy of living. For those to whom these things mean little, there are other forms of National Saving—all of great importance in these wartime days. But for those to whom the Saving of human suffering seems the vital National Duty that it is, this appeal assumes the shape of a Crusade which cannot be ignored.

CHRISTMAS APPEAL *for poor*

CANCER SUFFERERS

Over FIVE HUNDRED destitute and deserving cases are needing weekly grants for special nourishing foods, warmth, clothing, appliances, etc. Could there be a more moving appeal at this season? DO come to their rescue, and help us to maintain these poor souls. Funds are low and help is urgently needed. Hon. Treasurer, National Society for Cancer Relief, 47, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

National Society for Cancer Relief

Appeal "S"

47, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, S.W.1 *Telephone:* ABBey 3360

In Dread of Winter's Cold!

Enduring grief, illness and privation without complaint. Such is the fortitude of 360 old and invalid gentle people whose very slender means have been still further depleted by the War. Please give further courage to this pathetic section of the Home Front by sending a donation that will enable them to have an extra Nourishment Grant, Invalid Comforts, and perhaps a cheerful, bright fire during the coldest days that lie ahead.

THE DISTRESSED GENTLEFOLKS' AID ASSOCIATION

urgently appeals that this Christmas these poor souls will not be forgotten.

THE SECRETARY, 74 BROOK GREEN, LONDON, W.6

"THESE ARE "STIRRING TIMES TO BE SURE!"

and now more than ever we ask you to help us make a 'Big Stir' this Christmas by posting your donation **to-day** to the

SHAFTESBURY HOMES and "ARETHUSA" Training Ship

164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE LONDON, W.C.2

Thousands of our old boys and girls at this hour are serving their country

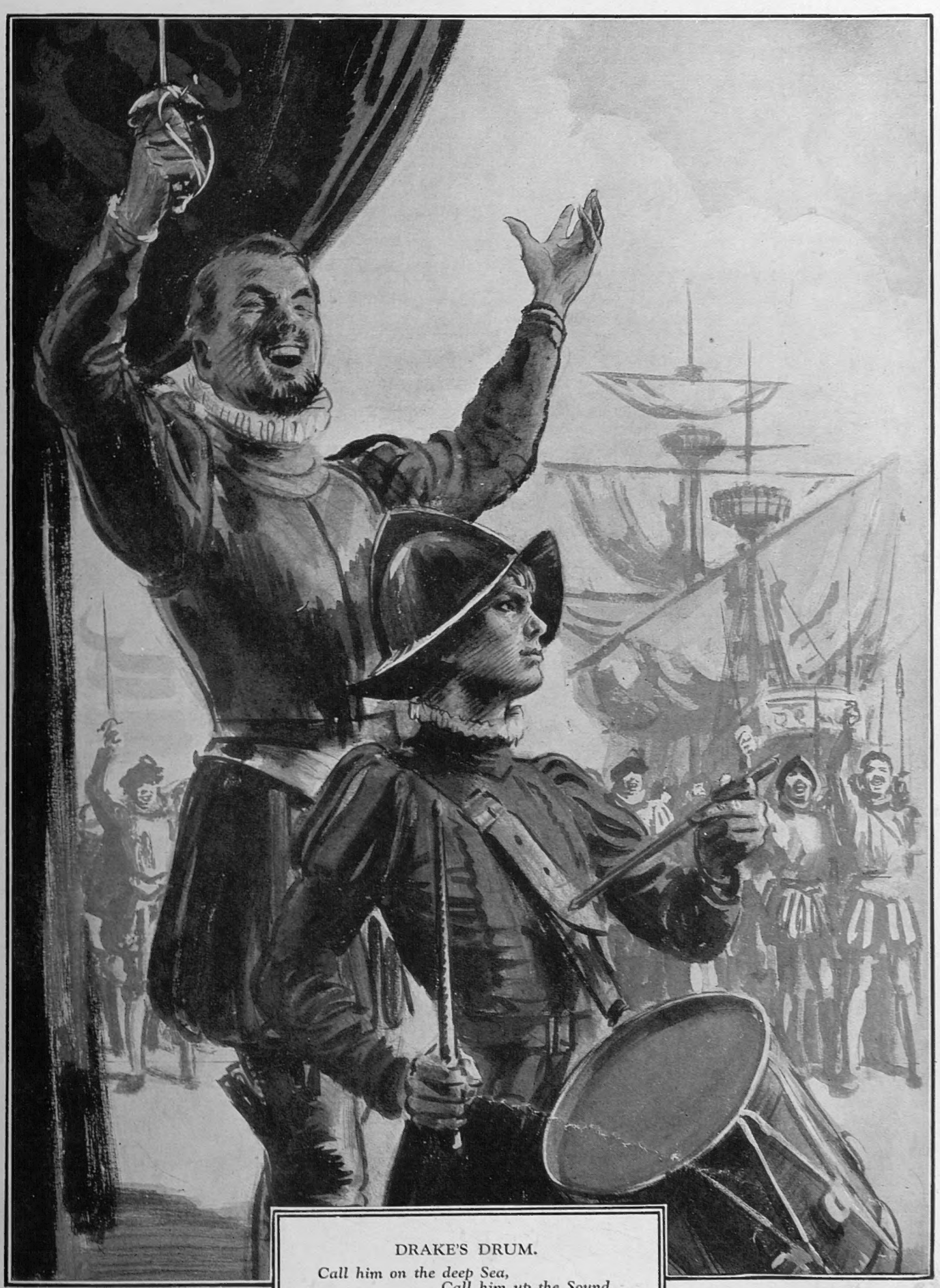
1,000 children are being trained to be good useful citizens

A real photograph of the 'Arethusa' boys mixing their Christmas pudding. Make it a bumper one for them this year

VOL. CLXIII. No. 2130a.
Price Two Shillings.

THE SPHERE

CHRISTMAS 1940



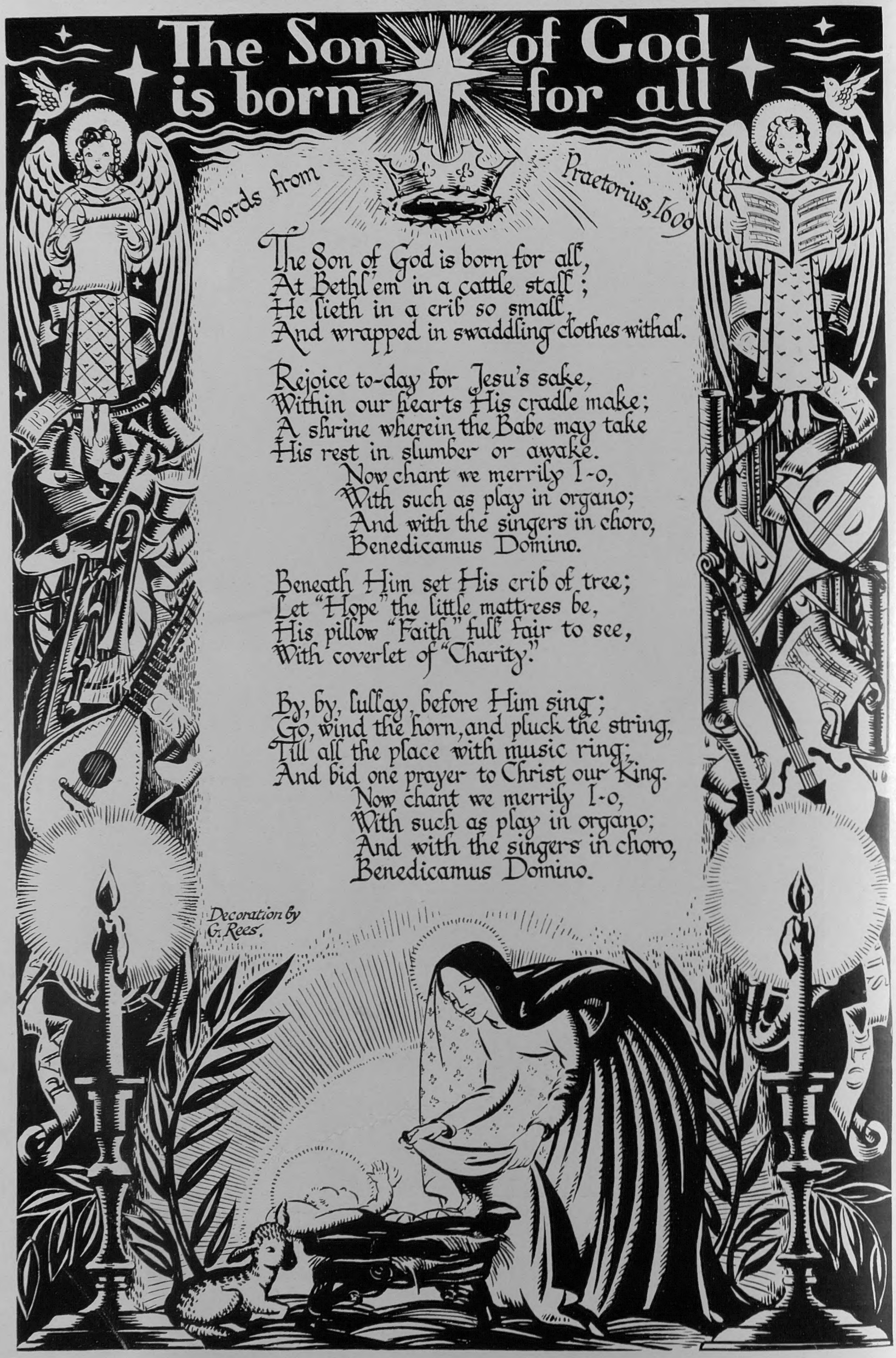
DRAKE'S DRUM.

Call him on the deep Sea,
Call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
Where the old trade's plyin'
an' the old flag flyin'
They shall find him ware and wakin',
As they found him long ago!

Henry Newbolt.

For Postal Rates see page b

Drawn for "The Sphere" by A. Sindall.


The Son of God is born for all
Words from Praetorius, 1609
The Son of God is born for all,
At Bethl'em in a cattle stall;
He lieth in a crib so small,
And wrapped in swaddling clothes withal.
Rejoice to-day for Jesu's sake,
Within our hearts His cradle make;
A shrine wherein the Babe may take
His rest in slumber or awake.
Now chant we merrily I-o,
With such as play in organo;
And with the singers in choro,
Benedicamus Domino.
Beneath Him set His crib of tree;
Let "Hope" the little mattress be,
His pillow "Faith" full fair to see,
With coverlet of "Charity."
By, by, lullay, before Him sing;
Go, wind the horn, and pluck the string,
Till all the place with music ring;
And bid one prayer to Christ our King.
Now chant we merrily I-o,
With such as play in organo;
And with the singers in choro,
Benedicamus Domino.
Decoration by G. Rees.

THE HUSBANDMAN'S RETURN FROM LABOUR

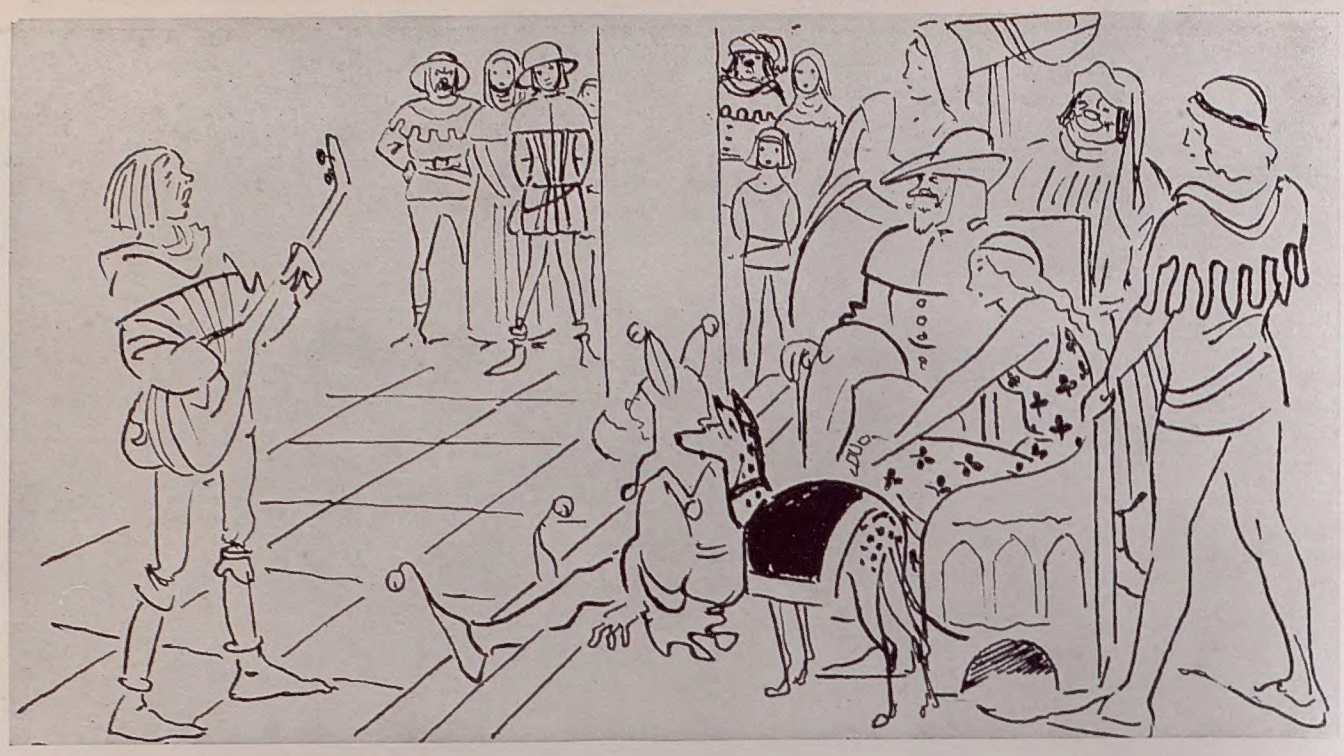
This charming rural composition was the work of William Redmore Bigg (1755-1828). *This English artist entered the Academy schools in* 1778 *and subsequently enjoyed a great reputation for his pictures of children, in the naturalistic tradition of Morland and Wheatley. He was elected R.A. in* 1814 *and died in London Feb.* 6, 1828. *The work was engraved by William Nutter, distinguished stipple engraver.*

HOME LIFE IN COTTAGE AND HALL

During the earlier period of Gainsborough's career, before he came to London and rapidly became the famous portraitist, he painted a number of family groups which have a very great charm, the treatment of the figures being characterised by a wonderful simplicity and directness. In nearly every case the members of the family are depicted in a park or rural setting. They suggest a gracious family life

The Saving of the Soul of Mathieu Guillermin

Drawings by Carlègle



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ON the evening before his passing, in the year of Our Lord 1380, Mathieu Guillermin had been amusing the lord of the Château of Valcreuse, his ladies and attendants, with certain songs of his own creation. These were conceived with a freedom which did not recommend them to the ears of the recording angels

THE visit to the Château was in the nature of a return to a former path, for of late years Mathieu had forsaken Venus for Bacchus and had amused with equal success the bibulous frequenters of taverns. Love had given place to wine. On occasion, however, Mathieu had composed canticles to Madame La Vierge or hymns to Notre Seigneur Jèsus as payment to certain convents he had visited during his journeyings in Provence

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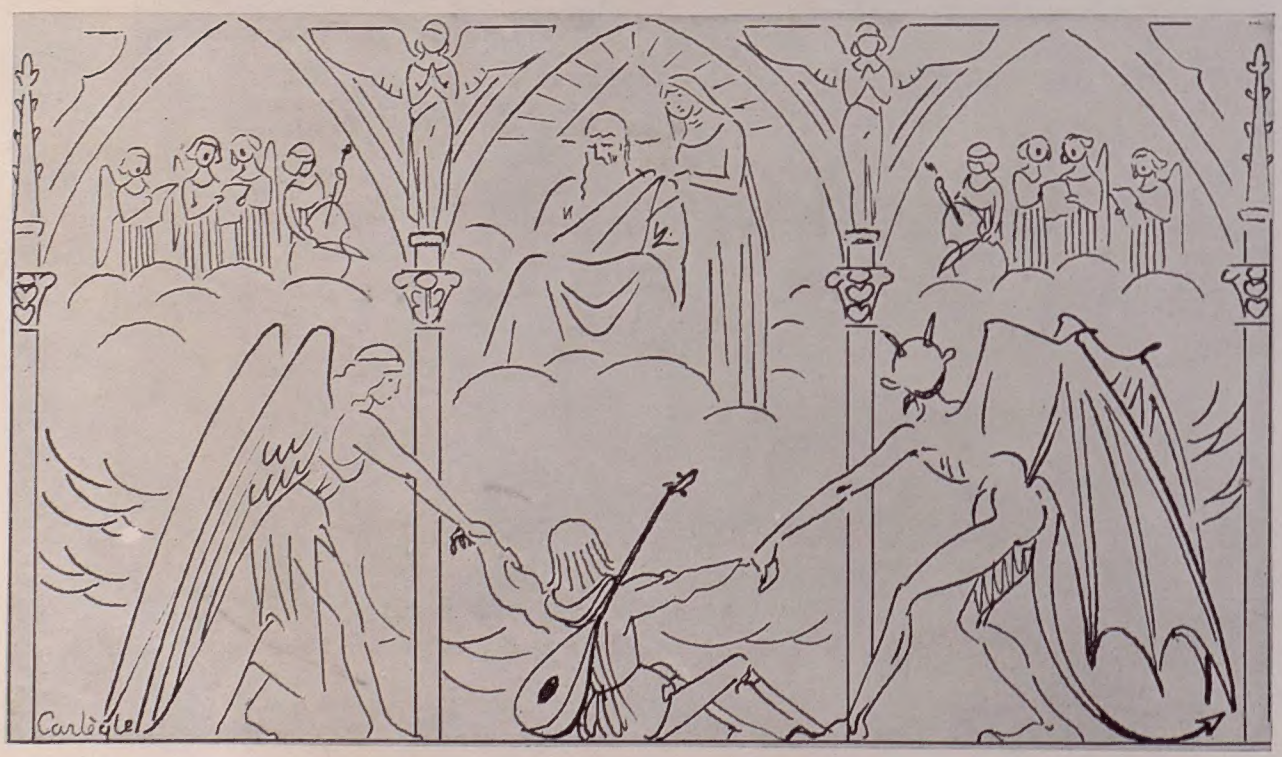


AT the moment of his demise Mathieu is whisked away by an energetic angel, instructed by Notre Seigneur Jèsus, and is admitted to Heaven. But Satan appears and claims the soul of Mathieu Guillermin and, using subtle argument to prove that the songster "is one of us," an awkward situation arises. Satan grins. Then a great silence falls upon Paradise; La Sainte Vierge pleads for Mathieu; his canticles and hymns are so easy to remember that they are sung by countless children every morning and evening. A reformed poet of Mathieu's ability would be a great addition to Heaven's Harmonies. Satan is discomforted and is flung from Heaven by Michael's angels

LILIES AND LOVE-IN-THE-MIST

FROM THE PAINTING BY GERALD COOPER

Exhibited at the Royal Academy 1940

Two children were born to Lady Nugent while she was the mistress of Government House, Jamaica, in the opening years of the nineteenth century. There are many references to the "coloured ladies," and to the ebullient domestic servants

LIFE IN THE WEST INDIES

in the Sugar Prosperity Days

culled from the pages of Lady Nugent's Diary

during the period 1801-1805

Specially illustrated for "The Sphere" by

H. M. BROCK

IN the year 1839 there was issued for private circulation a diary kept by Lady Nugent over a period when she accompanied her husband to Jamaica in the year 1801. Sir George Nugent had been appointed Lieutenant-Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Jamaica. Lady Nugent was born in New Jersey, her father being General Courtlandt-Skinner. She had both Scottish and Irish blood in her veins. She was of a sprightly disposition and possessed a keen sense of humour, which is evident throughout the pages of her journal. From July 1801 to April 1803 she resided with her husband, chiefly at the King's House, Spanish Town, which was the official residence, a large brick building of two stories in height, and with a big pillared portico.

"Our apartments," she writes, "are very spacious and very dirty. Immediately after breakfast Margaret Clifford set the black ladies to work that our rooms may be a little less filthy before we go to bed again."

The very early entry in the diary runs thus:

"I could not help laughing at a reply of Lord Balcarres when I went down to breakfast. I remarked to him that it was a very fine day; to which he answered, 'Yes it is, but I assure you, Mrs. Nugent, you will be tired of saying this before many weeks are over.'"

"There are large official dinner parties, at one of which two of the English ladies told me strange stories of the influence of the black and yellow women, and Mrs. Bullock called them 'serpents.' The room would be full of black servants and all the population, I believe, both white and black, were permitted to walk round the table and stare at me after dinner."

It was necessary for General Nugent to visit many parts of the island during tours of inspection and Lady Nugent records, in entertaining fashion, her impressions of the particular estates which she visited with her husband. Mr. Culbert's seemed a particularly attractive one. The buildings are described as being like little Chinese pavilions. They were set beneath an amphitheatre of mountains and from one point one looked down upon the harbours of Kingston, Port Royal and Port Henderson, all full of ships of war and ships of commerce.

"Mr. C. told me he gave two dollars to every woman who produced a healthy child, but no marriages were thought of."

One curious feature of all these expeditions was the early start which was made. On October 1st Lady Nugent writes:

"Up at four and dressed by candlelight and fireflies looked beautiful in the hall as we passed through to our carriages. The walls were quite illuminated."

Lady Nugent appears to have been a devoted wife; she constantly shows great anxiety over her husband's health.

"Several gentlemen at dinner, in addition to our party, whose names I don't recollect. No ladies; so I have had my tea, and now am enjoying the cool breeze from the mountains, until my dear N. comes from the dinner party. In the mean time I shall take a review of the week, as far as it has hitherto passed. It has been quiet and comfortable. I have heard much of slaves, plantations and counting-houses, but these subjects are new, and I have curiosity. For the principal part of my comfort, I have seen my dear N. composed and cool. He has had what for him is moderate exercise, and he has had relaxation of mind; his countenance is quite changed, it is now placid, cheerful and serene; he has no more that hurried heated manner, that has too often made me miserable."

The hurricanes and the rainy season were new experiences to Lady Nugent. They cease and the dry heat follows.

"It is not 6 o'clock, and the thermometer is at summer heat. I am writing *en chemise*, and don't find it at all too cool. The rains have ceased for ten days, and they say we shall have no more showers till May. During the rainy season there were not above two or three days on which we could not take an early drive in the morning, or have a nice one in the evening. However, when it does rain, it comes down like a torrent, and converts the streets into rivers; but the sun and the heat of the earth absorb all moisture almost immediately, so that, if we have no rain before May, we shall indeed be burnt up."

Lady Nugent, on her first Christmas Day, witnesses some old Jamaican customs.

"All night heard the music of Tom-Toms, &c. Rise early, and the whole town and house bore the appearance of a masquerade. After Church amuse myself very much with the strange processions, and figures called Johnny Canoes. All dance, leap, and play a thousand anticks. Then there are groups of dancing men and women. They had a sort of leader or superior at their head, who sang a sort of recitative, and seemed to regulate all their proceedings; the rest joining at intervals in the air and the chorus. The instrument to accompany the song was a rude sort of drum, made of bark leaves, on this they beat time with two sticks, while the singers do the same with their feet. Then there was a party of actors.—Then a little child was introduced, supposed to be a king, who stabbed all the rest. They told me that some of the children who appeared were to represent Tippoo Saib's

children, and the man was Henry the 4th of France.—What a *mélange!* All were dressed very finely, and many of the blacks had really gold and silver fringe on their robes. After the tragedy, they all began dancing with the greatest glee.—We dined in the Council Chamber, but went to bed early, but not to rest, for the noise of singing and dancing was incessant during the night."

Lady Nugent, during the period of her stay in Jamaica, was brought into contact with the political and military situation in the West Indies. Her dear husband has to hold communication with that interesting character Toussaint l'Ouverture, who for a brief period held power in Haiti and greatly benefited the island. The French were an ever-present threat, in these years immediately preceding Trafalgar. There are a few references to Nelson and to military preparations for defence on the island, her husband's regiment, the 85th, being drafted there from Madeira.

Here is an account of another early start necessitated by an expedition to a Mr. Mitchell's estate.

"Dress by candle-light, at half-past five.—The Admiral, &c., set off for Port Henderson, and we for Bushy Park estate, Mr. Mitchell's, where we breakfasted in the Creole style—Cassada cakes, chocolate, coffee, tea, fruits of all sorts, pigeon pies, hams, tongues, rounds of beef, &c. I only wonder there was no turtle. Mr. M.'s delight is to stuff his guests, and I should think it would be quite a triumph to him to hear of a fever or apoplexy, in consequence of his good cheer. He is immensely rich, and told me he paid £30,000 per annum for duties to Government. His house is truly Creole. The wood-work mahogany—galleries, piazzas, porticoes, &c. In front a canepiece, and sugar works, with plenty of cocoa-nut trees and tamarind trees, &c. He seems particularly indulgent to his negroes, and is, I believe, although a very vulgar, yet a very humane man.

"After breakfast, set off to Spring Gardens, to review the militia of St. John's parish and St. Dorothy's. Spring Gardens was formerly a fine place, but its owner now lives in England, and the house and every thing are neglected. The situation is beautiful. I saw an immense fig-tree, with a palm growing out of the top; it had a most singular appearance, but how the palm was engrafted, no one could tell me. The house has carved mahogany doors, &c., and many remains of its former magnificence."

. . . . .

"I don't wonder now at the fever the people suffer from here—such eating and drinking I never saw! Such loads of all sorts of high, rich, and seasoned things, and really gallons of wine and mixed liquors as they drink! I observed some of the party, to-day, eat of late breakfasts, as if they had never eaten before—a dish of tea, another of coffee, a bumper of claret, another large one of hock-negus; then Madeira, sangaree, hot and cold meat, stews and fries, hot and cold fish pickled and plain, peppers, ginger sweet-meats, acid fruit, sweet jellies—in short, it was all as astonishing as it was disgusting."

Towards the end of the diary Lady Nugent returns to her home in a sugar-ship, and one realises how mightily unpleasant it could be, especially when passing through the Tropics. The whole ship reeked with the odour of sugar, and even the furnishings of the vessel were sticky with the exudation from the cargo, a state of affairs which was not at all approved of by Lady Nugent.

Lady Nugent accompanied her husband on numerous visits to estates in various parts of Jamaica. The roads are described as being very beautiful, occasionally being fraught with the impediment of swollen streams

Lady Nugent again and again refers to the enormous meals eaten by the officials, planters, and other white people of Jamaica. The second breakfast was of enormous dimensions, the various items of the menu being rich and succulent

JANUARY

By John Y. Gilroy
(Exhibited at R.A. 1940)

A WIFE WRITES TO A HUSBAND

In 1538 Honor Lisle, the wife of Lord Lisle, had occasion to write to her husband during a visit which she paid to England. Her husband was occupying an official position in Paris. The letters, which are recorded in the Lisle papers (State Paper Office), reveal a wifely affection and vigour of character which make the correspondence very fascinating reading.

Mine own sweet heart,

This shall be to advertise you that I have had a goodly and fair passage; but it was somewhat slow, and long ere I landed; for this night, at ten of the clock, I arrived. I thank God I was but once sick in all the way; and after that I was merry and well, and should have been much merrier if I had been coming towards you, or if you had been with me. Your absence and my departure maketh heavy; also for that I departed at the stair at Calais so hastily, without taking my leave of you accordingly, made me very sorry; but I assure you, my lord, that I thought you had been in the boat, and would have brought me to the ship, as you said you would do.

This letter I began yesternight at supper time, intending to have sent it to you by John Nele; and because it was in the night late, they looked not for me, so that there was no provision here ready for me; but, while the supper was in dressing, I told to John Nele, Marks, John Smith and Lamb, whom I had at supper, merry tales; and then John Nele promised me to come again in the morning for a token and letter to your lordship; but, contrary to his promise, he went his way at three of the clock in the morning, giving me no warning thereof, which, I assure you, have not made me a little sorry, for that I fear you should conceive any unkindness or displeasure towards me, thinking me so negligent that I would not write to you. The counsel and company of John Nele did me much ease, and caused us to come to land much sooner than we should have done; but he did me not so much pleasure that way, but he have done me much more displeasure by this means. I beseech your lordship to be good lord to Asheton, the gunner; for I assure you he is an honest man, and I think he loveth your lordship as well as any man in Calais. Lamb had a very evil chance, and ran his ship against the pier; I think John Nele have shewed you thereof; but I was out of the ship ere that time. The said Lamb will take no money of me for passage, not for the ship; but he have taken of me two crowns for himself, which I gave him for the passage. He saith, you shall agree with his owner. I gave him the two crowns because he had loss by the breaking of his bowsprit and fore part of his ship. And thus, good sweet heart, I bid you most heartily farewell; praying to Almighty God to send me good speed in my suit, that I may have a short end, and return to you shortly again; for I shall think every hour ten till I be with you again. By her that is both your and her own,

From Dover, the 7th day of November. HONOR LISLE.

Mine own sweet good lord,

Even with whole heart and mind, I have me most heartily commended unto you. And yesterday I wrote you by George Brown, of the wardrobe, how the king's highness entertained me, yet forgot I to write you, that his grace at the banquet wished you there; and I answered his highness, that you would, with all your heart, have been there, and that notwithstanding your absence it shall not be a little comfort to you to hear that his grace had you in remembrance. I assure you, my lord, his highness asked heartily for you, and wished you as heartily to have been at this banquet, which was the best that ever I was at, and was partly made for me. For at my coming to the court, I thought not upon it till Mr. Grenway, the gentleman usher, met me with a wherry, and caused me to land at the privy-stairs, where Mr. Henneage received me, and so conveyed me to my chamber appointed, and there Mr. Comptroller met me, where was a rich bed furnished, and nothing lacking for me nor my folks; where I also found his grace most singular lord unto me in my suits; for that both the lords are commanded no further to meddle with any part of my son's inheritance.

Mary Basset (the daughter) to Lady Lisle (from France), A.D. 1538

. . . It was told me at Abbeville that you sent me a letter; but the messenger lost it; at which I was very much annoyed. Madam, I thank you most humbly for that which you sent me by John Somit. I am waiting till some one repasses through Abbeville, in order that I may send you tidings of myself. Madame, I entreat you to be so good to me as to send a pair of toothbrushes to Madame, and a pair for me; she has very little from England; if you would please to send her something, I should be very glad. There is a gentleman, a good friend of mine, who has begged a pair from me, and a pair of shoes. I should be very glad to make him a present of them. This bearer will tell you who he is. I think that Madame de Bours has written to you for some running-dogs for Monsieur d'Agincourt, and a white leveret for his brother. . . . MARY BASSET.

RAE

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY SIR WALTER W. RUSSELL, R.A.,

Keeper of the Royal Academy.

Exhibited at R.A., 1940

THE CHARM of

So, when spring comes,
And sunshine comes again like an old smile
And the fresh waters, and awakened birds,
And budding woods await us—I shall be
Prepared, and we will go and think again,
And all old loves shall come to us—but changed
As some sweet thought which harsh words veiled before;
Feeling God loves us, and that all that errs
Is a strange dream which death shall dissipate.

BROWNING.

THE LITTLE GREEN SHOP

WHERE ANCIENT CHURCH AND RED-TILED ROOFS MEET BY THE RIVER—PANGBOURNE FROM THE MILLSTREAM

From the painting by John Cole. (Exhibited at the R.A., 1940)

THE BEAUTY OF AN ENGLISH SUNSET

From a water-colour by Wm. James Muller, a British landscapist born at Bristol, whose work was very popular during the early nineteenth century. By courtesy of Walker's Gallery, New Bond Street. In addition to his English subjects, his set of drawings of Lycia (1841) made him famous

BRITAIN in town and country

From the water-colour drawing by Percy Home

WHEN THE TIDE RUNS LOW—A STUDY AT LITTLEHAMPTON

From the water-colour drawing by C. Harrington. By courtesy of Walker's Gallery

"ON THE WIDE MOORLANDS WHERE THE BREEZES BLOW FREE AND THE EYE CAN ROAM AFAR ONE CATCHES THE SPIRIT OF THIS ANCIENT LAND"

From a water-colour drawing by Thomas Collier in the possession of Messrs. Vicars, Old Bond Street. Collier came from Derbyshire. He exhibited at the Paris Exhibition of 1889 and at the R.A.

POLA NIRENSKA

From the portrait by Henry Hoyland (R.A. 1939)

JUANITA

From the portrait by Barry Craig (R.A. 1939)

LOLA GWENDOLEN ANN

From the portrait by Kate E. Olver (R.A. 1940)

YOUNG WOMANHOOD OF TO-DAY

THE FASCINATION OF WOMAN THROUGH THE AGES

THE DUCHESS OF SAXONY SHOWED NO HAIR BENEATH HER EMBROIDERED CAP

Lucas Cranach was official painter to the Court of Saxony, and it was in the natural course of things that he should paint this portrait of the Duchess, with her wealth of embroidery and early sixteenth-century detail

THE MARVELLOUS COIFFURE OF GIOVANNA TORNABUONI

The fascination of this portrait by the famous Italian master Ghirlandaio lies in its clarity of detail, which does not seem to distract from the arresting profile

LADY ARABELLA REVELS IN THE LACE EMBROIDERIES AND MUSLIN OF THE EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

This portrait of Lady Arabella Grendon was painted in 1635 by Cornelius Johnson. It is in the collection of Sir George Leon, Bt.

THE WIFE OF THE ARTIST BARTHEL BEHAM LOOKS A PLEASANT WOMAN

Beham (born 1502) had a considerable reputation as a painter and designer in engraving. His wife was evidently a personable woman with pleasant hands

THE KILT IN WARTIME

An Historical Retrospect

By Colonel Norman MacLeod, D.S.O.

The kilt as it appeared in the B.E.F. in France: the skirl of the pipes was useful, inspiring a rhythmic swing during the arduous work of trench-digging

THE origin of the Highland dress is lost in the mists of antiquity. It appears as the dress of ancient warriors on sculptured stones dating from some time before Christ. Probably the simple mantle of the Greeks and Romans and the Segum of the Germans developed into the belted plaid of the Highlanders. Magnus Barefoot, according to the Norwegian Sagas, introduced it to Norway after some raids on the Hebrides.

To write the History of the Kilt in the British Army would be to record every great campaign since the Battle of Fontenoy, for it is almost impossible to separate the kilt from the indomitable and courageous spirit for which the Highland regiments are famous.

The oldest Highland regiment is the Black Watch. Originally it was raised as a police force in 1725. The kilt being the ordinary dress of the Highlander, they naturally wore it. In order, probably, to prevent their being associated with any clan they adopted a tartan of their own, which came to be known as the "Government" tartan. They were finally embodied as a regiment in 1740.

After the adventure of the '45, which ended in the Battle of Culloden, the English Government decided to abolish the kilt and curb the fighting spirit of the Highlanders.

With this object in view an Act of Parliament was passed "proscribing" the wearing of the kilt or tartan. Anyone found guilty of wearing the kilt could be transported beyond the seas. The wearer was also "outlawed," and soldiers were instructed to shoot on sight anyone seen wearing Highland dress. In the remoter parts of the country it was difficult for people to get trousers, so many old men and boys were shot. Lord President Forbes, who had no special love for the Highlanders, wrote that "The garb certainly fits the men to go through great fatigue, make quick marches, to bear the inclemency of the weather, wade through rivers, shelter in huts, woods and rocks upon occasions which men dressed in the low country garb could not possibly endure." So uncomfortable did the Highlanders find trousers that it is recorded they were seen walking on the hills carrying them over their shoulders—a custom with which anyone used to the kilt will sympathise.

The Act was repealed in 1778 when once again the kilt came into common use at the same time.

Pitt, realising the impossibility of breaking the Highlanders' martial spirit, decided to make use of it. He therefore granted leave to many of the Chiefs to raise regiments. As the Highlander was always prepared to follow his Chief, it was not long before a number of regiments were raised. Many of these do not exist to-day, such as the Frasers, Montgomeries, Loudons, Keiths, Macdonalds and McLean Highlanders, and others—most of whom rendered very gallant service to the Crown before they were disbanded. There was also the Royal Highland Emigrant Corps in Canada, which did good service in the American War. Of the Highland regiments remaining to-day, the Black Watch was raised in 1740, the Seaforths in 1778, the Camerons in 1793, the Gordons in 1787, the H.L.I. (originally kilted) in 1777, and the Argyll and Sutherlands in 1794.

In addressing the House of Commons William Pitt (Earl of Chatham) stated, "I sought for merit everywhere it was to be found, and it is my proud boast that I am the first Minister who looked for it and found it in the mists of the north. I called it forth and drew into your service a hardy, intrepid race of men. In the last wars they served with fidelity as they fought with valour in every quarter of the globe." The numbers raised were extraordinary. Skye alone furnished 21 generals, 45 colonels, 600 other officers and 10,000 privates. The small district of Mull and Morven raised over 100 officers, of whom at least four were generals. They played a glorious part at Fontenoy and in the American wars, including the storming of the Heights of Abraham, and all through the Peninsular Campaign.

At the beginning of the war in America, it is interesting to note that even at that early date (1757) there was a proposal to change the uniform as being "unsuitable" for the great cold and heat likely to be encountered during this campaign, but against this both officers and men protested. General Stewart of Garth at the end of the war stated, "We were allowed to wear the garb of our fathers, and in the course of six winters showed the doctors that they did not understand our constitution, for in the coldest weather our men were more healthy than those regiments who wore breeches."

In 1795 it was proposed to draft the Cameron Highlanders into four other regiments. The proposal, besides being a direct breach of faith to Colonel Cameron personally, was in open violation of his Majesty's Letter of Service for raising the regiment. Colonel Cameron had an interview with H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief, when he told the Duke it was "more than you or your Royal father dared do." The Duke then remarked, "The King, my father, will certainly send the regiment to the West Indies." Colonel Cameron, losing his temper, replied, "You may tell the King, your Royal father, from me that he can send us to h—— if he likes and I will go at the head of them, but he daurna' draft us,"—a line of argument which proved successful!

He refers to the advantages of the kilt: how men were able to carry through forced marches and when halted were able to wash and dry themselves and their kilts, which waved in the air, while pantaloons stuck, wet and dirty, to the skin and were not easily pulled off—and being not less so to get on again in case of alarm. Trousers absorbed wet and dirt, which was followed by rheumatism and fever which cause great havoc in hot and cold climates; while the Highlander was cleaner and in better health in both climates than those who wore pantaloons. He trusted that H.R.H. would never acquiesce in so painful and degrading an idea as to abolish their native garb, which, above all, would take away completely the appearance and conceit of the Highland soldier.

During the Palestine campaign in the Sinai Desert it was proposed to substitute shorts for the kilt. The Brigade Commander wisely consulted his medical officers and they were unanimous in advising the retention of the kilt, because there was less sickness in the kilted units, again proving, as in South Africa, the advantages of the kilt where there is a big variation between the temperatures of day and night.

Anyone who served in a Highland regiment in 1914-18 well knows how the men protested when they were posted to trousered regiments and ordered to hand in their kilts—a practice which was all too common. These men went to their new units disgruntled. Those in authority did not seem to recognise the inspiration the kilt has for Highlanders.

THE PIPER, BUT NO KILT

The military authorities during this year seemed to regard the universality of the battle-dress as very important, with the result that one has seen and heard the pipes, but without the swing of the kilt to accompany them. The kilt can be worn on all occasions other than active duty

THE NORTH WIND

From an etching by Diana Thorne

TWO SCOTTIES

The etchings of Diana Thorne are full of action, combined with a delicacy of line which only a dry-point can give. "The North Wind" is very characteristic of her more spirited work

THE TREE OF JESSE

from the Painting by Jan Mostaert
of Haarlem. A.D. 1470 — 1555

This gorgeous pageant of sixteenth-century dress depicts the descent of Christ from Jesse, who is represented sleeping on the ground. "There shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse"; on this stem are grouped the figures representing the descent of Christ, Who is seen at the head of the picture in the arms of the Virgin, with angels to left and right. Jan Mostaert was born at Haarlem and practised his art during the period of revival after the siege of the town

IN THE SPACIOUS DAYS WHEN ONE DRESSED HANDSOMELY AND FARED SUMPTUOUSLY

A detail from the painting by Dirck Hals

Dirck Hals, the younger brother of the famous Frans Hals, painted during the period when the "Corporation" canvases were in vogue. He is sometimes dismissed somewhat curtly by writers on Dutch art, but he was a very capable painter, for all that, as this detail from his "Country Fête" shows. It reflects the wealthy days of seventeenth-century Holland, when dress and the other accompaniments of life were on a sumptuous scale

A PEEP OF ST. MARY-LE-STRAND CHURCH FROM THE POINT WHERE HOLYWELL STREET AND NEWCASTLE STREET JOINED

From a water-colour drawing by J. J. Dodd in the possession of Walker's Galleries

IN THE WAPPING OF ANCIENT DAYS

Some notes on a district of London which began to grow into a busy seafaring district under the Stuart Kings: a part of it is shown in detail on the opposite page, when it was a semi-rural area in 1590

WAPPING in the Ouze, as Wapping was once known, gives an accurate idea of the nature of Old Wapping. At high water the Thames was constantly flooding over the northern bank till the city authorities began to think of plans to save some of the manor land near East Smithfield. By an Act of 1543 the Wapping Marsh was divided out among certain persons who apparently had the duty of embanking the riverside. One man, Cornelius Wanderdelf, obviously of Dutch origin, did the work at his own charge, but unfortunately was drowned. The Chronicle, after baldly recording this unlucky chance, states that his property was assigned to Richard Hill.

We are told that in 1560 the district was a featureless marsh, a green waste of waterlogged land, the river wall often breaking down and needed repairs which greatly worried the authorities, who grudged the cost of continual repairs. No one lived on this swampy land, not a single house was erected upon it.

Twenty years later it was decided that a street should be constructed along the river front which would induce the building of houses, and once there were tenants and occupiers, one could be sure they would be vitally interested in preventing the river from entering their property. The civic wisdom thus displayed was fully justified, for houses rapidly developed along the new road, and by the time James I. came to London Wapping was quite thickly inhabited by all kinds of seafaring folk. Boatbuilders, makers of masts and oars, all the tradesmen supplying the needs of seamen, congregated along the road, and were beginning to spread northward over the low-lying ground

But as we see from a delightful plan of 1590 drawn in elevation it was still a mere hamlet, with winding lanes, a water-mill and half-timbered houses among gardens. One long lane, leading from East Smithfield to the river, was called Nightingale Lane, which is even now to be found in crowded Wapping, though alas! no nightingale haunts the busy dockyard district. There was great excitement in this lane some forty years after this map was drawn, when a stag was run down there; the noble beast had given King Charles I. a long run, having eluded the chase all the way from Wanstead in Essex, but was finally brought to bay by the royal hunter in the lane. Such was the thrill of this unusual occurrence that a crowd assembled, causing a herb gardener to complain of the damage done to his plants by the interested spectators.

Herb gardens seem very remote from the Wapping of to-day, but yet another story interesting to flower-lovers is recorded. It is said that an observant gardener happened to notice a strange plant growing at a cottage window, which was quite unknown to him. He purchased it, and from it produced many cuttings, which, if the story be true, well repaid his original outlay. The plant was the fuchsia, brought probably by some sailor from the West Indies and up till then was a stranger to England. It was eagerly sought for, and the cuttings are said to have been sold at a guinea each.

Wapping grew with the passing centuries till it became a crowded area, housing all sorts of seafaring folk, and those that supplied them with their provisions and necessary gear. Everyone knows Dibdin's song of Wapping Old Stairs, recalling the days when there were sailors in plenty, starting off or returning from some distant voyages, and sweethearts on the waterside.

"Your Polly has never been faithless, she swears,
Since last year we parted on Wapping Old Stairs."

King Charles I., who brought a stag to bay in Nightingale Lane, Wapping. From the portrait by Vandyk

The old stairs no longer witness such picturesque scenes. Much of Old Wapping disappeared when the great London Docks were cut out of the parish, but for those who are willing to search there are still some old buildings which recall the days of barque and brigantine, of the great merchantmen, and the waterman's wherry, which are immortalised in the sea songs of Charles Dibdin, and one may still find Nightingale Lane on the map.

DOROTHY OSBORNE

Author of the wonderful letters to Richard Temple

THE writer of the passage quoted beneath the double-page illustration in the centre of this Christmas issue of "The Sphere" was the author of one of the most remarkable series of love-letters which Fate has preserved for us. Dorothy Osborne, daughter of Sir Peter Osborne, first met Richard Temple—to whom the letters were addressed—in the Isle of Wight at the time when King Charles the First was confined in Carisbrooke Castle. Temple had foolishly scratched on a window of an inn "And Haman was hanged upon the gallows he had prepared for Mordecai," which was at once taken to be an attack on Colonel Hammond. Osbornes and Temples were travelling together, and Dorothy took the blame upon herself and the party escaped punishment. Affection grew gradually between the two, but neither family smiled on their union, and it was seven years before the trials of the lovers were at an end. The letters which Dorothy wrote have drawn unstinted praise from many a distinguished pen. Edward Abbott Parry, the American writer, describes how he found some verses in a copy of Courtenay's Life of Sir William Temple—the leaf of paper fell out of Vol. II.:

Dorothy, gift of God, it was not meant,
That thy bright light should shine upon the few,
Within the straitened circle of thy life;
Failing to reach mankind and represent
His own ideal, manifest in you,
Of holy woman and the perfect wife.

"Beauty, not outward, of which I may not write, having seen it but darkly, only through these letters; knowing it indeed to be there, but quite unable to visualise it fully, or to paint it clearly on these pages: other beauty it is, than that of face and form, that made Dorothy to Temple and to all men, in fact, as she was in name—the gift of God."

"You, reading for yourself," writes Edward Parry of Dorothy's monument in Westminster Abbey, "will perhaps gaze upon the darkened tablet, with new interest; and may, perhaps, thank him who has shown you this picture. Yes, thank him, not as author or historian, but as a menial, drawing aside with difficulty, the heavy, dusty curtain of intervening ages which has veiled from human eyes the beautiful figure of Dorothy Osborne. She herself is the picture, and the painter of it; the historian of her own history. But not even to her, are the real thanks due; these must be humbly offered to Him from whom she came, to represent 'A holy woman and the perfect wife.'"

Drawn by Iris Brooke

WHEN OLD WAPPING WAS A PLACE OF URBAN AND RURAL CHARM:

a reconstruction from a plan in the Public Record Office, dating from about 1590.

The above view of timbered mills and wandering streams and lanes, in one of which King Charles the First killed a stag, is no mere fantasy. It is based on a plan, preserved in the Public Record Office, of certain properties east of St. Katherine's Hospital. The streams flow down to the Thames, where a high-pooped ship rides at anchor. On their way they do much useful work in operating crash mills. The principal group of buildings is called "The Swanesnest alias the Hermytage"; a stream coming from Wapping Marsh flows under part of the building, the water finding its way out by way of the crash mills. An early reference to Wapping appears in Agas' map of about 1570

DOROTHY OSBORNE ENCOUNTERS THE SHEPHERDESSES ON A COMMON AT CHICKSANDS, IN MAY 1653

The incident illustrated here by Edward Osmond is described in a letter written by Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple in May 1653:

"The heat of the day is spent in reading and working, and about six or seven o'clock I walk out into a common that lies hard by the house, where a great many young wenches keep sheep and cows, and sit in the shade singing of ballads. I go to them and compare their voices and beauties to some ancient shepherdesses that I have read of, and find a vast difference there, but, trust me, I think these are as innocent as those could be. I talk to them, and find they want nothing to make them the happiest people in the world but the knowledge that they are so . . ."

Drawings by Fred Spurgin

The Adventures of Lavinia Fitz-Aubyn

An extract from a volume of Short Stories published under the above title in 1816, perfect novelettes of their time, in which the hero is never less than an Earl

"PLEASE TO REMEMBER THE GUARD"

BETWEEN six and seven o'clock of a dark evening, in December, an old-fashioned travelling coach stopped at the only inn which the town of P—— afforded. From it descended an elderly gentleman, whose vinegar aspect and harsh voice were indicative of a temper which rendered him the aversion of his neighbours and the terror of his family; he was quickly followed by a bustling little woman, his wife, and after her jumped gaily out two lovely girls, his daughter and niece. "That is a pretty creature, by George," said a bye-stander, as the latter passed him: the young lady blushed, and looking up, encountered the ardent gaze of a very handsome man, whose beauty could not be concealed by a red handkerchief which covered his chin, and a rough greatcoat which enveloped his figure. Her vanity was flattered by the compliment, and she felt more disappointment than she chose to own even to herself, when by the transient glance she gave, she saw that her admirer was in an inferior station, and she ran into the house, without observing that she was followed by the person who, at the moment, occupied her thoughts. Meanwhile, the old gentleman hobbled into a parlour, and loudly vociferated for fresh horses. "I am excessively sorry," said the obsequious landlord, "that it is impossible to accommodate you, Sir, as the election at R—— has taken every horse out of the stables."

"This is the first journey I have taken these ten years," growled Mr. Carberry, "and here am I detained by a cock and a bull story about elections and horses." "It seems a good inn," said Mrs. Carberry, soothingly, "and I dare say you will be very comfortable." "Damn me," exclaimed her consort, in a rage, "it is not a good inn, and I wont be comfortable; I had determined upon travelling to N—— before supper, and go I will, if it is in a wheelbarrow. What the devil are you grinning at, you rascal," holding up his stick, and turning to his niece's admirer, who was standing at the door, displaying a set of very white teeth, and indulging his mirth without restraint, "I 'll teach you to laugh at a gentleman, you dog."

"There is a stage-coach in the yard, your honour," said a servant, who was bringing in band-boxes, "just going off, seemingly. Shall I take places in that for you and the ladies, as you do not like staying here?" "Yes, Timothy, yes, yes, I 'll go in the stage, though I have not been inside one since I was a boy at school: so see and get places, and if there 's any body there before us, turn 'em out, Timothy, turn 'em out." The landlord was preparing to speak, when the man, who, notwithstanding Mr. Carberry's threat, had kept his post at the door, stepped forward, saying, "I am the coachman, your honour, and as I have no inside passengers, shall

> *"In committing her little bantling to the public nursery, the authoress is not without her hopes and fears as to its destiny; but as it is the first offspring of a timid parent, she ventures to presume, if it does not become a darling favourite, it will at least be treated with tenderness."* From the preface to "Lavinia Fitz-Aubyn," 1816

be glad to take you and the ladies, but we must start directly." "Very well, young man," said Mr. Carberry, a little mollified. "We will go with you; I suppose you were loitering about for a fare; come get ready girls, and mind, Timothy, and see that all the luggage is put in safe, and be sure to bring the carriage as early as possible to N—— to-morrow, for I should not chuse to enter London in a stage-coach."

The party were soon seated in the vehicle. Two men mounted the roof and another occupied the box with the driver. "All 's right!" cried a voice behind, the horn sounded, the whip cracked, and they rattled over the pavement at the rate of ten miles an hour.

"What a wonderful improvement they have made in stages of late years," said Mr. Carberry, when they got off the stones, "this is really a comfortable conveyance; don't you think so, Agnes?" But Miss Agnes was considering whether it was possible that the coachman could have had the impertinence to squeeze her hand, as he helped her into the carriage, and heeded not the question: she certainly felt the pressure, and, seriously offended at the liberty, determined to alight without his assistance. "I declare papa," cried her cousin, "the coach is lined with red morocco; I wonder how the proprietors can afford it."

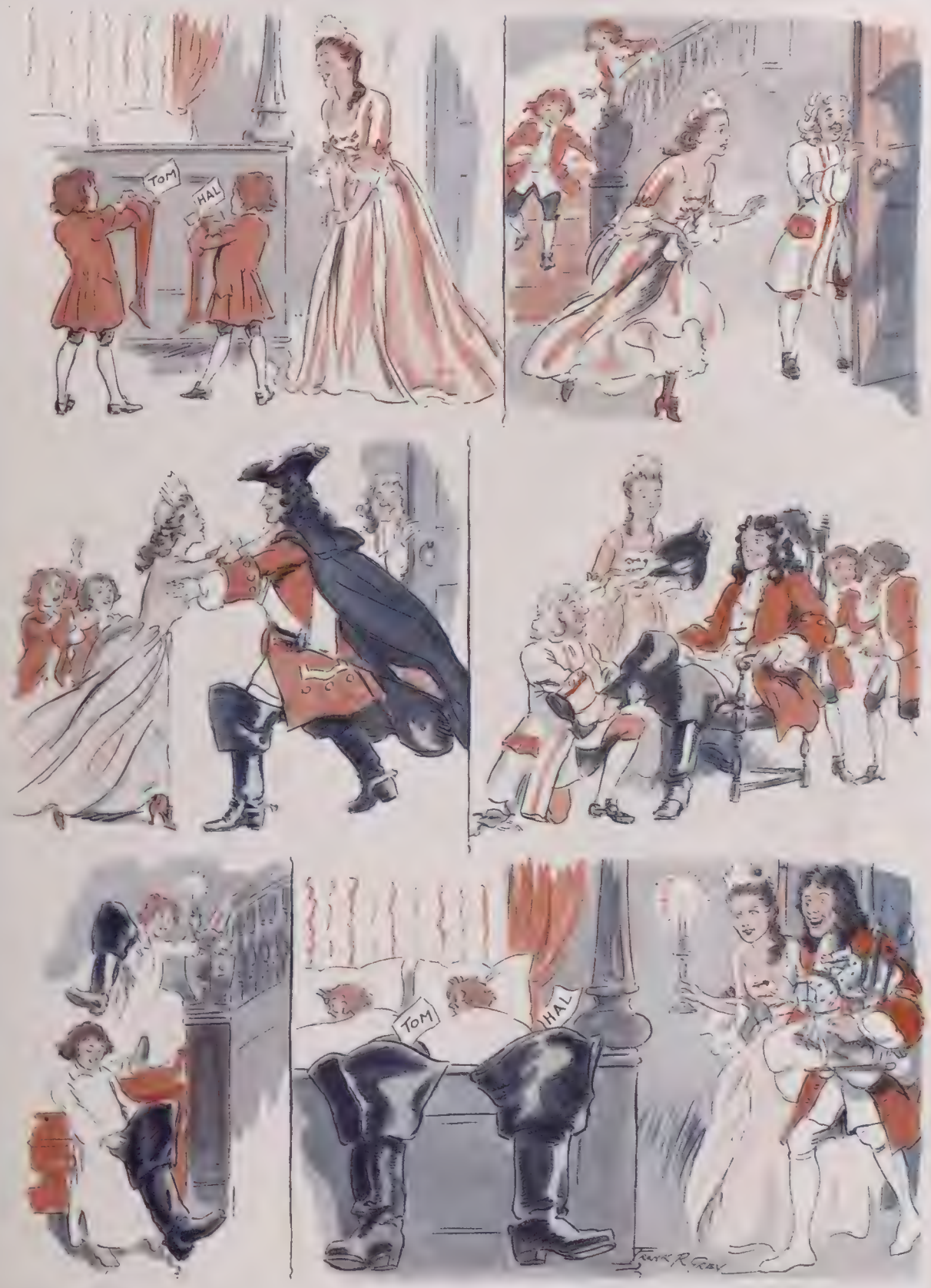
AT THE BALL

Lord Godolphin takes the floor with Agnes and dances gracefully

"Afford it!" said Mr. Carberry, "why we shall pay, for all this finery. I dare say this ride in a stage will cost me as much as if I had taken post-horses. But I don't grudge the expence, for the fellow drives well, he does not spare the whip, and the coach jolts less than any I ever travelled in." "It is much easier than our own carriage, I think," said Mrs. Carberry, "and the horses are the most beautiful creatures I ever saw! Dear me! I remember the time when they drove such sorry hacks in stage-coaches that it made one melancholy to look at the poor beasts."

Heaven only knows how long the good lady would have descanted upon the merits and demerits of hack horses, had she not been interrupted by the driver's vociferating with the voice of a Stentor, "Damn you, keep your own side." This injunction was unheeded by the person to whom it was addressed, who either through obstinacy or ignorance, persisted in his course and contrived to entangle the wheels of the carriages together, which so enraged the driver of the stage, that he laid his whip pretty handsomely over the shoulders of his brother-charioteer; who not being dexterous enough to defend himself with a similar weapon, poured forth a volley of abuse, in which he was joined by his master, who putting his head out of the window of his barouche, exclaimed, "Damn you, you dog, tell me who you belong to, and I will bring an action against your employers; I 'll get you turned out of your place, you rascal." "Who the devil cares for you, spooney," returned the coachman, "if I was

not afraid of alarming the ladies in my carriage, I would break every bone in that scoundrel's skin, and trundle your old crazy concern into the ditch." "You impudent villain," bawled the owner of the barouche, "how dare you affront a gentleman; say another word and I 'll pull you off the box." "You be damned," roared the driver of the stage, whipping up his horses, and literally accomplishing his threat, by laying his antagonist's barouche on its side in the mud. "Do not be frightened," said he, "ladies," looking in at the window, "that gentleman, as he calls himself, and his servant, are the annoyance of every body who travels this road, and I am sorry that I cannot stay to chastise them according to their deserts." "I fear," cried Agnes, "they must be seriously injured by the overturn." "Oh no," replied the coachman, "I see them both standing knee-deep in the dirt; do not waste a thought upon them; though, believe me, I am truly grieved at having occasioned you the slightest alarm; pardon me, but I really could not avoid giving them the punishment they so justly merited, and think they will hardly dispute the road with me again." "I wish I was safe at my journey's end," said Mr. Carberry, "I never met with such a daring chap in my life; he does not seem to care a rush about losing his place and he will most certainly be turned away; I wonder what the fellow thinks of himself." "He almost frightened me out of my wits," said Emily, "but he certainly was not much to blame." "He will come to no good end you will see," said Mr. Carberry, "the less we have to do with him the better, for he is as impudent as a highwayman's horse."



BACK FROM THE WARS: *A Christmas episode illustrated by Frank R. Grey*

The loud cries of a female now drew the attention of the party to the spot from whence the sound proceeded; the coachman stopped the horses, and by a faint light which the moon shed through a passing cloud, they saw a woman standing on a bank by the road side, and vainly endeavouring to lift something from the ground. "What is the matter?" cried the coachman. "My husband," replied the poor creature, in an agony of grief, "is a disabled soldier, and has been knocked down and robbed by two villains, who have taken every farthing we possessed in the world, and left us to perish with cold and hunger."

The coachman, giving the reins to his companion, jumped down, and raising the soldier in his arms, conveyed him to the side of the road, where, with the assistance of the ladies' smelling bottles, his senses were soon restored. "Are you able to bear the motion of a carriage, my friend?" enquired the coachman. "Yes," replied the poor man, "but I cannot pay you." "Never mind that," said the benevolent Jehu, "I will take you without payment; fling down a great coat," addressing one of the men who rode behind, "and assist the soldier to mount the dickey; and, d'ye hear, take care of him and his wife, and wrap them up warm; have you got coats enough? if not, I will give you one of mine." "Upon my word," said Mr. Carberry, "he orders the outside passengers finely; I am surprised that they allow him to domineer over them at this rate." "Oh," cried Agnes, in an ecstasy, "every body must love him for his humanity." "Humanity!" echoed Mr. Carberry, "he can afford to be humane at another person's expence; his master will never know that he has taken these people up, and I dare say we shall be called upon to pay for their supper."

The young ladies mentally resolved to follow the example which their kind-hearted driver had set them; who, after seeing his grateful passengers comfortably seated, mounted the box and drove off at full speed. A long pause ensued, which was broken by Agnes, who exclaimed—

"Bless me, what a pretty turnpike! the house is built in the gothic style. Oh how I wish it was daylight, for the road is planted on each side with trees." "We are coming near some town, I imagine" said Mr. Carberry, rubbing his eyes, "for I see lights at a distance. I should like to ask; but those fellows on the box are laughing so loud that I might bawl for an hour before they heard me. That seemed a smart-looking buck who got up with the driver, I wonder how a gentleman can condescend to be so familiar with a coachman." "This looks like a solitary inn, papa, and not a town," said Emily, as they stopped before a large house. "What is the sign, niece?" said Mr. Carberry. "It is the King's arms, I believe, Sir," replied Agnes, "I see some thing carved in stone over the door which looks like it." "We shall not get to N—— till midnight," growled Mr. Carberry, "if we are to be detained whenever that rascal chuses to get drunk; I wish I had never been persuaded to leave my own home."

The driver now shewed his handsome face at the carriage door, and said, "We change coaches here, won't your honour please to alight?" Mr. Carberry in a very ill humour complied: his wife and daughter followed. And Agnes was just preparing to jump out by herself, when the coachman caught her in his arms and placed her upon the steps of the house: confused and angry she darted into a parlour where her aunt and uncle were already seated. Several minutes elapsed, and Mr. Carberry began to grow impatient at the delay, when the coachman entered, who, taking off his hat and shaking his golden ringlets, as he archly turned his head, requested that they would be pleased to remember him.

"Here is sixpence for you," said Mr. Carberry, rejoiced to find that they were to be rid of him, "What I suppose you expected more; but it is plenty for the few miles we have travelled to-night." "I hope I drove to please you, ladies," said the coachman, smiling as he twirled the sixpence in his fingers. Mrs. Carberry and Emily

(*Continued on page 40*)

THE FASCINATION OF BALLET

Illustrated by a Drawing by Hookway Cowles and a number of Camera Studies

In Act II. of "Le Lac des Cygnes" the Prince, who has gone out with his companions to shoot swans in the forest, discovers that the Queen Swan is a Princess under the spell of an evil magician. Between midnight and dawn she can return to human form. The spell will be broken when some lover actually prepares to die for her sake. This drawing was made by Hookway Cowles during the summer season at Sadler's Wells. The Princess (Odette) is dancing with the Prince—his friend Benno stands on the left

THE "CLASSE DE DANSE" *A Degas masterpiece executed in 1874 representing a scene at the Paris Opera House*

THE BALLET GIRLS OF EDGAR DEGAS

"LA RÉPÉTITION POUR LE BALLET"

"SALLE DE DANCE"

Degas makes the ladies of the ballet, both on the stage and off, live again for the spectators of his paintings of these wondrous creatures, who assume such arresting attitudes both when dancing and resting

IRINA BARONOVA AND ANTON DOLIN IN "LES SYLPHIDES"

These two famous dancers appeared in this ever-fascinating ballet at Covent Garden

RECONSTRUCTED LIKE A DEGAS WAS THIS SCENE IN "LES PERLES DE LA COURONNE"

Side-whiskered and moustached, the middle-aged beau presents a pearl to one of the pair of ballet dancers at the Paris Opera House

EXERCISE DE DANSE: THE LITTLE BALLET PUPILS GO THROUGH THE FIRST MOVEMENTS

AN ALBUM OF MODERN BALLET PICTURES

Dance, dance—Tamara, Irina, Tatiana!
Dance—Earth and Fire and Water!
Incarnations of the desire of the Enchanter,
Colours of the invisible æther. . . . W. J. TURNER

ALEXANDRA DANILOVA IN "LE BEAU DANUBE"

The ballet was presented in London with this striking backcloth showing a pair-horse vehicle dashing along some bosky avenue

Merlyn Severn

The scene is in a school for the teaching of ballet dancing. Becoming a really good ballet dancer is an arduous career. One has to start young and devote years of study to the entrechat, the fouette, and the other movements

ALICIA MARKOVA AND IGOR YOUSKAVITCH IN "GISELLA"

Gisella is here seen executing a movement with Count Albrecht

WHEN MEN FOUGHT IN GREENWICH ARMOUR

A Greenwich suit of plain bright armour *which probably belonged to Henry Herbert, Earl of Pembroke,* 1534-1601

This suit has all the characteristics of the known suits from the Greenwich School, the humped shoulders and extremely broad tassels over the hips and the trunk hose. It has no decoration other than double lines engraved along the edges and bands down the breast and back plates

The question of body armour and its possible adaptation to modern war conditions reasserts itself from time to time. Would increased body armour be possible to use? There is instantly the question of weight. The plain Greenwich suit here illustrated weighs 80¾ lb. To carry such a weight one must have been jacked up on to horseback. In the old days one could terrorise one's opponent by wearing a Milanese helmet like the one shown on the left

The armour of Galiot de Genouilhac, *who served as a warrior under Charles VIII., and was Master of Artillery of Louis XII. and Francis I., is in the collection of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. It has been suggested that the Genouilhac armour was built at the Royal Armouries at Greenwich, on the grounds that in* 1527, *the date which it bears, Henry VIII., according to a contemporary record, ordered for François II., de la Tour de Turenne, a harness like his own from the Royal Armouries at Greenwich. It is assumed either that François de la Tour gave this suit to Genouilhac, who was a brother-in-law of Annet de Turenne, seigneur d'Aynac, presumably a relative of François, or that it never belonged to Genouilhac, or merely passed from the Turenne family into that of Genouilhac's heirs. The suit has a rich surface decoration*

A MECHANICAL CLOCK IN SILVER GILT IN THE SHAPE OF A SHIP (recently on exhibition at the British Museum). Made by Hans Schlott at Augsberg in 1580

This superb mechanical clock has been specially photographed for "The Sphere" in colour. The lower portion alone is illustrated, in order to show the extraordinarily alluring detail of the body of the ship itself, with its coats of arms hanging over the side, and the company of gentlemen, beautifully modelled, in the waist of the ship. On the high-pitched stern are another company including an Emperor to whom the figures bow at the hours. The whole looks like some dream bark coming in from an adventure on the Spanish Main

MURDER WITHOUT CLUES

By Laurence G. Green

CAPTAIN GARCIA, of the South African Police, rose in the darkness from the body. With weary eyes he stared for a moment at the lights of Cape Town, thousands of lights under the great mass of the mountain; the lights of a city where, at the moment, a murderer walked free.

This was the very beginning. All the people of the city, 200,000 people, were his suspects. At this point Captain Garcia always felt as though he was playing that old parlour game in which one had to guess any object selected by the rest of the crowd. It was a process of elimination—they simply answered "Yes" or "No," and sometimes one could do the trick inside a dozen questions if the interrogation was clever enough.

Captain Garcia stood over the dead woman and put clever questions to himself. His men waited silently for orders, but it seemed that everything possible had been done.

"Nothing from the north yet?" asked Garcia at last.

A sergeant beside the police radio van answered. "They 're stopping all cars, as instructed, Sir; nothing suspicious yet."

Garcia had not really expected it. The police surgeon had given his opinion reluctantly, and for what it was worth, that the woman's body appeared to have been flung out of a car travelling towards Cape Town. A faint smudge on the tarred road, seen by flash-lamp, suggested the direction. It was vague, but it fitted Garcia's own feelings in the matter. Nevertheless, he had wired to police stations within a radius of a hundred miles to stop all cars driven by men without women, to search for a knife and bloodstains, to pursue cars that refused to stop, to hold anyone whose behaviour aroused a doubt. Mere routine precautions, though murderers had been arrested that way before, and Garcia preferred routine to wild theories that wasted time.

"Take a note, sergeant, and then we 'll move the body out of the road," said Garcia.

"Sunday, January 26, 1936. Murdered body of half-caste girl found on Great North Road, ten miles from Cape Town, by Constable A. F. Zimmerman, on cycle patrol, at 10.30 p.m. Chief of Criminal Investigation Department and police surgeon arrived 11 p.m. Girl aged apparently about 20 years, black hair, black eyes, pretty features sufficiently light in complexion to pass as European except in daylight. Death due to single knife wound just below right ear. Time of death established at about 10 p.m. Few signs of bleeding suggest that murder was committed elsewhere and body deposited in the road with the idea of mutilation by passing car.

"Note that roadside must be searched immediately after daybreak for weapon and other clues. (They won't find anything, but it must be done.) Call the Boy Scouts out, too, and let them search the bush on each side of the road.

"Instruct all police informers to listen for gossip in bars where coloured criminals gather—good pay for information. Note, however, that murderer is probably a white man, as coloured gangsters would hide the body, not place it on the road.

"No definite clues. Victim must be photographed in the morning, and all possible women of the same—er, profession must be brought to headquarters to view the body, identify her, and give information about her friends. That 's all now—it 's going to be a long business."

Garcia told himself that it might also be a hopeless business. In nine murders out of ten no detection was necessary. The relatives or neighbours or a witness gave the name of the guilty person, and there remained merely the tedious work of obtaining legal evidence. But this was the tenth murder. Garcia hoped that the women called to headquarters next day would have heard of a jealous friend, a man blackmailed, someone seeking revenge. But he doubted it. Girls of that class had too many friends; they met them by night; names were seldom known, descriptions useless. Any other sort of woman, however poor, would have people round her whose information would be precise and valuable. But this was a woman who lived amid furtive secrecy. Even if she could be brought back to life to speak, her words might not help them.

It was nearly midnight. Captain Garcia was moving off towards his car when headlights shone on the road and stopped so that the body was outlined grimly.

"It 's Peters, *Evening News* reporter, Captain. Murder, eh?" called an eager voice.

(*Continued on a later page*)

SHERIDAN, DISGUISED AS A HACKNEY COACH DRIVER, SEES MISS LINLEY HOME FROM COVENT GARDEN THEATRE

From the painting by Jerry Barrett

The Romance of Sheridan and Miss Linley

"CAN I speak of music, and not mention Miss Linley? The town has rung of no other name this month. . . . The whole town seems distracted about her. Every other discussion is forsaken. Miss Linley alone engrosses all eyes, ears, hearts." So wrote Fanny Burney of the beautiful young singer who was capturing London in 1773. Her fame might have been of fleeting quality only, but for her romance with Sheridan.

The Sheridan family had moved to Bath in 1771, where they became very friendly with Mr. Thomas Linley, a musical composer, and his three charming daughters. Richard Brinsley Sheridan and his elder brother, Charles, both fell in love with Miss Elizabeth Linley, the eldest daughter. In so doing they were following the fashion of the day, for every man, young or old, appears to have fallen victim to the attractive "Maid of Bath." One elderly swain, a certain Mr. Long, pressed his suit strongly, but not even his wealth and the encouragement of her father could induce Elizabeth to accept him. He behaved handsomely, withdrew his attentions, at the same time settling £3,000 upon the young lady.

The appeal of her beauty was so great that the fair Elizabeth suffered from a plenitude of lovers, embarrassing in their numbers. The two Sheridan brothers, their school-friend Halked, were rivals for her hand, as well as many others, including a troublesome married man named Matthews, who was worrying her with his persistence. Young Richard Sheridan, in the fervour of his emotion, untroubled by any thought of his lack of means, persuaded Elizabeth to elope with him. They fled to London, and from there to Dover, intending to cross to France. Money was needed, but Sheridan, resourceful in these matters, obtained what was necessary from a friend, who was given the impression that the lovely young lady in distress was a rich heiress, with great expectations. The adventurous couple reached Dunkirk, and went through a secret marriage at Calais, after which Miss Linley insisted upon retiring to a convent for a period. Her outraged father, true to such elopement stories, followed on their trail, and rapidly found his daughter, whom he carried back with him to England, refusing to countenance any idea of marriage. Not only was he indignant with the impecunious Sheridan, but his daughter was booked for many concert engagements which he had obtained for her.

Sheridan's father was equally angry at his son's thoughtless folly, and did not deign to consider the French marriage as in any way binding, so that poor Richard was forbidden by both parents any approach to his wife. He indulged in two duels with Matthews, who had libelled him in a Bath newspaper, and though neither of the duels appears to have been of a very serious character, they enabled Sheridan to relieve some of his pent-up feelings.

When his adored young wife appeared at Covent Garden in the spring, the occasion of which Fanny Burney speaks, Sheridan was overwhelmed with jealous anxiety. The whole town talking rapturously of the exquisite beauty of his wife, the charm of her singing, admirers thronging about her, and he himself unable to get near her. In his determination to outwit the dictatorial parents, he dressed up as a hackney coachman, and had the brief pleasure and satisfaction of driving his famous young bride home after her performance at the opera.

Mr. Linley at last satisfied himself that his daughter was seriously in love with Sheridan, and finally gave his consent, provided that they were remarried, which was performed by special licence. Old Mr. Sheridan remained obdurate, but nothing daunted the united couple, who set up house in Orchard Street, Portman Square. The furniture had been provided by Mr. Linley, and the three thousand pounds belonging to Elizabeth was enough to go on with. Sheridan took to writing in earnest, and his tremendous success with "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal" brought both money and fame. The romantic marriage, the grace and charm of the wife, and the brilliance of the husband opened the doors of society. It is said that Sheridan was a great favourite with all the ladies, and his wife with all the men. When Sheridan deserted the theatre for a parliamentary career, his wife was of the greatest assistance, winning all hearts everywhere. Fanny Burney writes ecstatically of her when she met her at a private party, having previously seen her only on the stage.

"I was absolutely charmed at the sight of her. I think her quite as beautiful as ever, and even more captivating, for she has now a look of ease and happiness that animates her whole face." When Sheridan joined the party, Fanny thought him "at once manly and fashionable," and liked him vastly. She was pleased to note that they were extremely happy together. "He evidently adores her, and she as evidently idolises him."

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A SOLEMN LITTLE DUTCH GIRL—

A Rare Genre Study by Albert Cuyp

This little-known Cuyp picture is not, strictly speaking, a portrait. It is rather a characteristic example of Dutch genre work. It shows the figure of a young girl, painted against an even, grey background and holding in her hands a basket of gloriously luscious peaches. There can be no mistaking those peaches for any other kind of fruit. The child wears a tight, white bonnet, lace collar and cuffs and a dress with lilac sleeves on which a bold pattern has been worked. Her eyes are black, but her cheeks and lips have the texture and warm colour of the peaches. As with many such works of the period, the expression on the child's face is characterised by an amazing solemnity and a wisdom beyond her years. This is in a measure due, perhaps, to the fact that the tightly-drawn hair, which the bonnet only partly covers, seems to exaggerate the forehead. It was acquired by the famous Mauritshuis Collection at The Hague from a Scottish collection a short time before the outbreak of war

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"But Countess, that scarf is lovely, and your figure is the most superb in London"

"Yes, Marie, you are r We will leave the Park at Mamma will be awaiting

THE FLOUNCES AND VEILS OF 1840

"Emily, the sky looks somewhat inclement. Dare we risk our promenade? I have only this veil to protect me"

THE BILLOWING CRINOLINE SKIRTS OF THE 'FIFTIES

"Darling, you cannot always remain a widow. If he proposes to-night, I think you ought to accept him"

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MURDER WITHOUT CLUES *(Continued from page 29)*

" Yes, murder," snapped Garcia, as Peters came hurrying across the road. " I can't say anything until the morning. You 're pretty quick off the mark to-night."

" Nose for news," replied the reporter with a harsh laugh. " Know who she is, Captain ? "

" I know nothing yet. But seeing you 're such a news-hound, what 's your theory ? There 'll be plenty of it in the paper to-morrow, right or wrong."

As they moved towards the body, Captain Garcia felt restless and annoyed. Often enough, reporters were useful. They could aid the ends of justice by publishing police descriptions and turning the whole populace into detectives. But murderers read newspapers, too, and one indiscretion would send a wanted man into hiding until the scent grew cold. Garcia had not yet made up his mind about this case. When he wanted the co-operation of the newspapers he would ask for it. Too late now; Peters was staring at the body, summing up the crime with remarkable accuracy.

" Knifed in the neck," he exclaimed. " I'll call it a ' Jack the Ripper ' crime. You 'll be searching all the garages in Cape Town to-night for a blood-stained car, Captain, I suppose. Wish we could keep the thing quiet for a few hours—the morning paper will have the first news of it. Well, there 'll be plenty left for me, with the whole force searching the city all day for the murderer."

" He may not be in the city," said Garcia irritably. " We 're guarding all roads to the north."

" Ah ! of course. Find the knife, clues or anything ? "

" Nothing."

Peters shook his head. "Clever devils, these sadists. This is typical. A woman picked up at random, no previous association, always stabbed in the neck. They say the sight of blood fascinates them."

" You 're guessing pretty fast," pointed out Garcia. " It may be as you suggest; we don't know yet. And as for ' Jack the Ripper,' I have never met one yet."

"A rare type," agreed Peters. " Rare and interesting. Makes a good story. Well, I 'll be seeing you in the morning. Good luck."

He drove off, but Garcia remained for a time beside the body, wondering whether the reporter's confident theory might be somewhere near the truth. Queer, he thought, how quickly the murderer had done his work—how neatly. There was just that one cut, less than an inch in length; a cut that might have passed unnoticed if some unhappy motorist had struck the body in the road.

This was the time, he knew, when a flash of inspiration might help him to reconstruct the whole crime and narrow down the investigation. Nothing came to him but the uneasy feeling that it was going to be difficult to make an arrest.

Captain Garcia went home brooding over the body without clues flung down in the night. He forgot nothing, he thought over it all, and his sleep suffered.

The morning paper merely recorded the fact that an unknown woman had been found stabbed to death, padding it out with the usual description of the police investigation at the scene of the crime and the familiar statement that an early arrest was expected.

Captain Garcia read this in his office and awaited the reports of his staff. Until then, there was nothing but tobacco to absorb his energy.

" Got her identified, Sir," came a voice on the telephone at last. " Rose Dreyer. Piece of luck, Sir, we had her finger-prints. Been in trouble several times; usual thing, of course. Two women here say they knew her by sight. I 'll bring them up, Sir."

The two women were able to supply an address, and a man was sent off to search the room. But as Garcia had expected, they could tell him nothing that led a step nearer the murderer. " Lonely sort of girl; went out by herself."

The detective returned from Rose Dreyer's back-street room with the same depressing story. No letters, no clues. The girl went out with men in motor-cars, of course, but no one had noticed the numbers of the cars; no one could describe the men.

Mr. Peters, of the *Evening News*, timed his visit perfectly. He found Captain Garcia pondering over all the facts likely to be discovered that day. " I am waiting for the *Evening News* to put me on the track of the murderer," said Garcia, not without sarcasm.

The harsh laugh of the reporter jarred on him. For a moment he wondered what sort of job Peters would make of it. Everyone looked to the head of the Criminal Investigation Department to find the murderer; they would blame him if he failed. Peters, no doubt, would write an article, " What 's Wrong with the C.I.D. ? " Yet here was a riddle which only one man alive could answer at the moment.

" What would you do, Peters ? " Garcia asked suddenly.

" I don't know. But here is something you may have overlooked. That fellow will not be satisfied with one victim. He will come out again one night soon, and then you 'll have two murders on your hands."

One night soon. It arrived just a week later—a week of feverish work that kept Garcia in his office chair from early morning until midnight. He read anonymous letters, sent men out to check the information. There were telephone calls from spiritualists who had seen the murderer in their trances, and from amateur detectives offering worthless advice.

Garcia clung grimly to routine—the tireless, thorough system that he and all his men understood and trusted. Process of elimination. There were thirty thousand owners of motor-cars in Cape Town. Probably the name of the murderer of Rose Dreyer appeared on the list. Garcia reasoned that he must narrow the search down to those men who prowled at night through back streets and along dubious promenades. His men took the number of almost every suspected car. Very few slipped through the net. Every morning the drivers were brought to police headquarters. Garcia saw them himself—some nervous, others angry, but not one of them behaving as he felt an arrested murderer must behave. While these scores of men were being interviewed, police lifted mats and cushions in the cars and sought keenly for those tell-tale hidden stains of blood that a murderer might fail to notice.

An exhausting, disheartening method, but the only possible system worth trying in that difficult case.

Garcia did not believe that a murderer would return to the scene of his crime. It was a popular fallacy, something outside his experience and found only in books. Nevertheless, the second body was found almost where the body of Rose Dreyer had been flung.

A single stab in the neck.

The girl was of the same unfortunate class. No finger-prints this time; but by luck a sister, worried because she had not come home, reported to the police and identified the body. Name, Vera Searle.

Again there were neither clues nor associates.

" The Ripper Again," declared the *Evening News* poster, and in an exultant article Peters reminded readers of his prophecy. The newspaper went further. It announced that as the police authorities had not taken the obvious step of offering a reward, the *Evening News* would pay £100 to any person giving information leading to the arrest and conviction of the murderer.

Captain Garcia sat clicking his teeth nervously, and doubled his force of men taking motor-car numbers at night. How many more murders ? he asked himself. He was desperate. Belief in the slow but certain mechanism of his routine began to fade. He started guessing—a method of detection which he despised. Captain Garcia, like all policemen, preferred working from the crime to the criminal. But these murders were too serious. The whole city was talking. He remembered a remark passed casually, almost humorously, by the surgeon who had examined the bodies. " Neat—very neat," the surgeon had said. " This fellow knew just where to find the vein. Might have been a doctor. . . ."

Captain Garcia thought it highly unlikely, but now he followed the line of thought set up by the chance remark. Not a doctor, but possibly a man with some knowledge. He had inquiries made at the abattoirs. He ran through dossiers to find a known criminal with

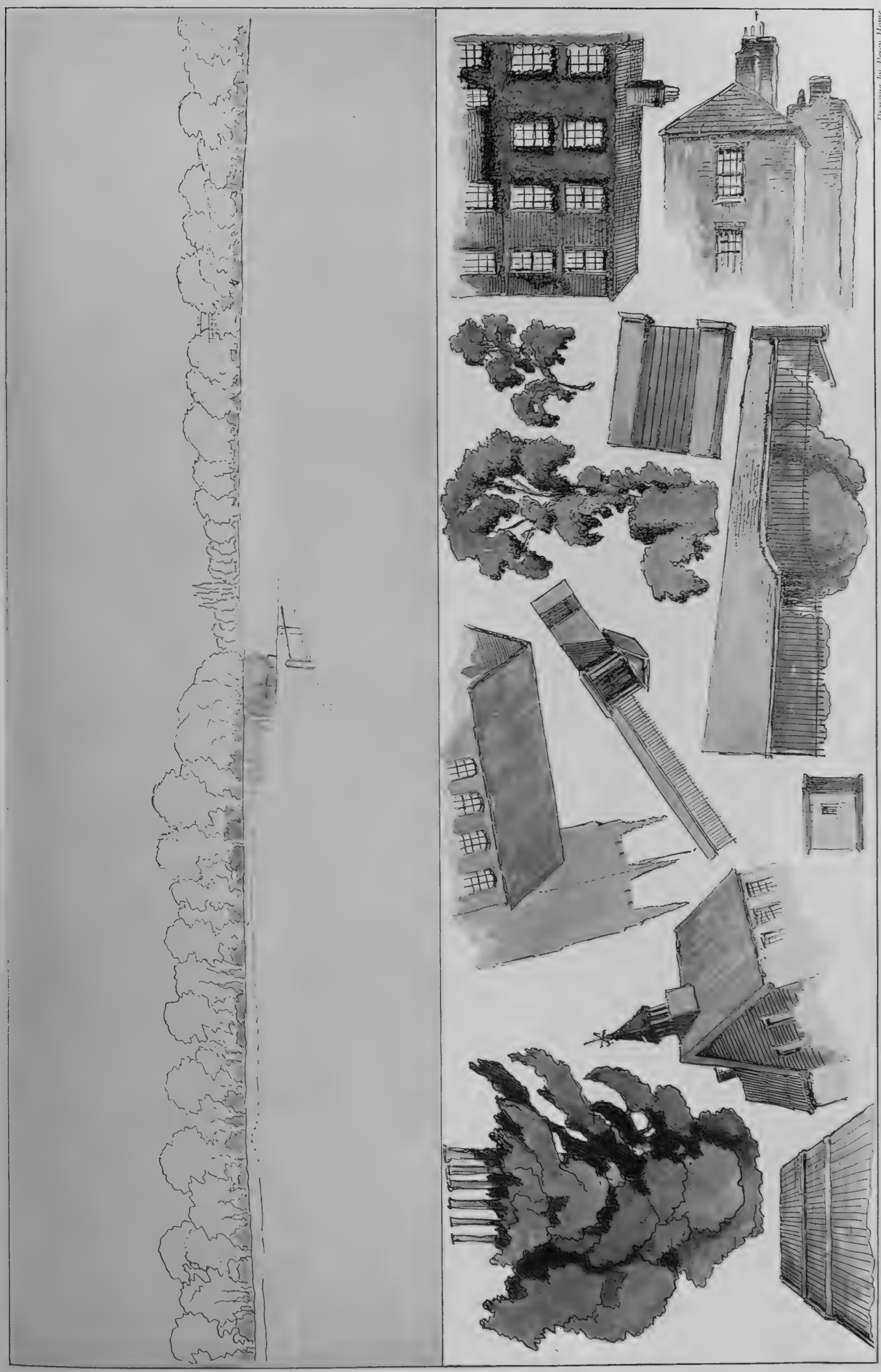
(Continued on a later page)

Our thrushes now are silent,
Our swallows flown away—
But Robin 's here, in coat of brown
And ruddy breast-knot gay.

WM. ALLINGHAM.

Camera study by C. H. Stableford.

"THE SPHERE'S" PICTORIAL COMPETITION: XMAS 1940



Drawing by Percy Horne

Yet another Pictorial Competition is offered to our readers. As on previous occasions, the pieces in the lower half have to be cut out and fixed in the proper position in order to reconstruct in this case, a riverside scene. Certain portions can overlap others in building up the picture, which is based on an actual scene. Solutions should bear the name and address of the sender and be addressed to the Competition Editor, "The Sphere" Office, 32, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than January 15, 1941. First, second and third prizes will be awarded to the senders of the three most accurate solutions.

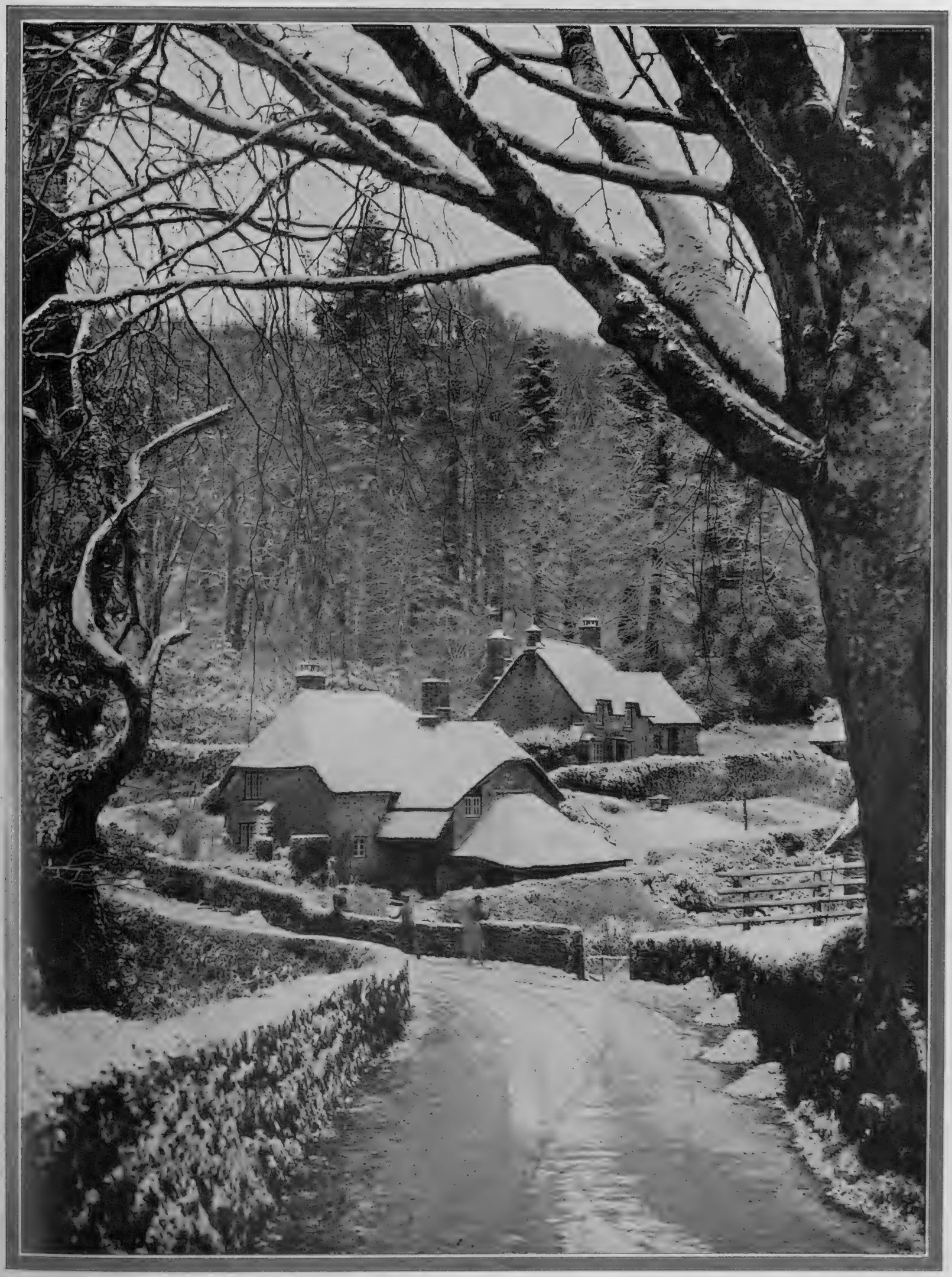
✣ ✣ CHRISTMAS ANIMAL STUDIES ✣ ✣

WHAT WAS THAT?

A camera study of a fine set of Labrador Retrievers—when this picture was taken they were in the possession of Mr. Nigel Colman, M.P.

AN EARLY FALL OF SNOW IN ESSEX

A camera study by Douglas Went, of Brightlingsea



WINTER'S WHITE MANTLE

A camera-study from Devonshire

THE ADVENTURES OF LAVINIA FITZ-AUBYN.

(*Continued from page 23*)

afraid of offending their tyrant by being too bountiful, gave him a shilling each, but Agnes, who was willing to afford him the means of indulging his charity, presented him with half-a-guinea, which was, indeed, the whole contents of her purse, as she had left every farthing she could spare with her pensioners in the country. The driver thanked their honours, and retreated towards the door, from whence another man, evidently trying to look grave, stepped forward, saying, " Please to remember the guard." " It is an imposition," exclaimed Mr. Carberry, in a passion, " and I won't give you a farthing ; we did not travel in a mail coach, and you have no right to demand it." " Ize quoite a poor man, your honour," said the guard, endeavouring to repress his laughter, " and has nowt to maintain a sick woife and six precious babes, but just the little matter I gets from the passengers." " A poor man ! " bellowed Mr. Carberry, " with that fine ring upon your finger ; you did not come by it honestly, I believe ; I am a justice of the peace, and if you do not instantly decamp I will commit you for the robbery." Both coachman and guard now gave loose to their mirth, and ran out of the room, leaving their auditors astonished and dismayed by their impertinence. " Bless my soul ! " muttered Mr. Carberry ; " the world is turned upside down—never met with such audacious scoundrels in my days."

Supper was announced to be ready in another apartment. The ladies, who were really in want of refreshment, joined in the solicitation, which Mr. Carberry very ungraciously complied with. Agnes was surprised at the magnificence of the hall which they crossed ; and as the servant threw open the door of an elegant saloon, saw, with wonder and amazement, the coachman and guard, divested of their outward habiliments, advancing to receive them. " Welcome ! " cried the former. " to Lutterworth ; and will you pardon me, Sir," addressing Mr. Carberry, (who appeared quite dazzled with the splendour which met his gaze) " for procuring the pleasure of your company, by deceiving you into a belief that my carriage was a stage coach, which, believe me, I should not have attempted, had not your servant suggested the idea by mistaking it for one. Allow me to present, in the ci-devant guard, my friend Lord Frederick Byerley, who is equally anxious with myself to render your sojourn at Lutterworth as agreeable as possible." Mr. Carberry stammered out a few words, in which honour and condescension were only audible, and gradually comprehending the mistake, pretended to have guessed it on his first entrance into the house, which he observed fully accounted for the stinginess he displayed. Lord Frederick smiled, and introduced the master of the mansion as the Earl of Godolphin, who perceiving that his guests were not quite recovered from the astonishment which this denouement had occasioned, handed Mrs. Carberry and Agnes to the supper table, and seating himself between them, requested Lord Frederick to take care of Mr. and Miss Carberry. The elegance and suavity of Lord Godolphin's manners (who felt himself at home either at court or on the coach box) soon set the party quite at their ease, and Agnes, to whom he was particularly attentive, ventured to express her surprise at her mistaking for a moment so superb an house for an inn, so elegant a carriage for a stage, and she nearly added, you for its driver ; but she recollected, with half a sigh, that that was the easiest mistake of all, and for a moment the noble peer sunk in her estimation ; but the remembrance of his humanity, and a glance expressive of the warmest admiration from his speaking eyes restored him at once to her good graces, and she accepted his apologies for the ungovernable passion he had betrayed with smiles and blushes. Mr. Carberry, elated by the attention he received from his titled host, forgot all the petty vexations which he had felt so grievously during the day ; and anxious to exhibit himself in a pleasing point of view, laughed heartily at the adventures of the evening, protesting, as he complimented the Earl and Lord Frederick upon their skill and humour in supporting the characters they assumed, that he never should have taken them for gentlemen. Lord Godolphin blushed at praise which he felt ashamed to merit, but hastily dismissing a sensation so new and unpleasant, joined heartily in the laugh against himself, and began to quiz his friend Lord Frederick about the lamentable story which he had coined to excite the commiseration of the ladies ; " by the way," continued the Peer, " I must refund the money which I obtained under false pretences," returning two shillings to Mrs. Carberry and Emily, and presenting a sixpence to the old gentleman, who in his turn felt annoyed at receiving this proof of his parsimony. " You must allow me," said the Earl, in a low voice, to Agnes, " to retain the half-guinea which you so generously bestowed as the reward of a virtuous action. I shall preserve it as a memorial of the happiest hour of my life ; and should I, which Heaven forbid ! refuse to listen to the cry of the distressed, one look at this precious piece of gold, the present of an angel, will chase the evil spirit from my heart, and open it to ' kindly melting charity.' " Agnes rejoiced that he had attributed her gift to the real motive, and readily assented to his request ; and so charmed was she by the spirited conversation of her new acquaintance, that she was quite vexed when Mrs. Carberry, pleading fatigue, begged leave to retire for the night.

The housekeeper, a most respectable looking woman, shewed them to their apartments. The young ladies, by choice, occupied the same room. Mrs. Wilson volunteered her services in unpacking their trunks ; and whilst they were undressing, amused them with various details respecting her master, who she affirmed was the most amiable of his sex.

" I have lived thirty years in his family, and, please the Lord, I hope to end my days in it, and see him well married before I die. Ah, ladies, she will be a happy woman who gets him." With this remark Mrs. Wilson quitted the room.

" What think you of our host and his *friend*," said Agnes, as she locked the door. " They are marvellously pleasant men, in my opinion," replied Emily, ; " and if we may credit Mrs. Wilson's account

[*Continued over.*

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Continued.]

of the Earl, he is as good as he is agreeable." "Servants seldom give praise where it is not merited," rejoined Agnes; "and I own I am much prejudiced in his favour by Mrs. Wilson's eulogium." "How do you translate the expression 'a little rakish or so'?" said Emily. "Mrs. Wilson's ideas of morality may differ widely from ours. I wish it may prove otherwise; but I fear he is not what you and I would call a moral man." "I never heard you so uncharitable before, my dear cousin," returned Agnes; "but pray inform me whether Lord Frederick has equally excited your disapprobation?" "I conclude he is either above or below praise, for Mrs. Wilson, in her zeal for her master, did not edge in one word in favour of his friend, whom I am strongly inclined to believe the most virtuous character of the two." "This is likely to be an eventful journey to London for some of us," cried Agnes, smiling; "you have decided that one of our knights is a saint, and the other, heaven help him, a sinner. Forgive me, dear Emily, if I do not admire your paragon *quite* so much as the Earl, who is far, far superior to any man I have ever known."

Lack of space forbids the attempt to follow in detail the fortunes of Agnes and Emily in "A Journey to London." Suffice it to say that the sisters, on reaching London, attend the ball for which the Marchioness of Stanhope had issued five hundred cards, that Agnes dances with Godolphin, that Philip proves an evil genius, but that all ends well, and Godolphin rushes to Agnes with explanations; he is forgiven and accepted, and Lord Frederick, returning from Spain, is united to the constant Emily.

MURDER WITHOUT CLUES.

(Continued from page 36

homicidal tendencies who had been a medical student. All these shots in the dark failed, just as the police watch on motor-cars failed every night. Yet the idea lingered. It grew to something approaching certainty when he opened the *Evening News* and found, under black headlines, a letter signed "The Ripper." Only then did Captain Garcia see the end of the nerve-racking trail.

"I shall strike again at nine o'clock on Friday night," boasted the letter. "Anyone who wants the £100 reward should be on the main promenade at that hour. I shall select my victim from the crowd. Proof that this letter is genuine is enclosed."

And the *Evening News* announced, with suitable expressions of horror, that two rings had been found in the envelope—one the property of Rose Dreyer, the other of Vera Searle.

There followed an analysis of the mind of the killer, an effort worthy of a medical text-book; and a statement that the owners of the newspaper had decided to double the original reward of £100 so that the reign of terror in Cape Town might be brought to an end.

That day Captain Garcia received a visitor, passed on to him by a hard-worked staff who interviewed everyone, sent theorists away and selected only those who might have a scrap of evidence to offer.

"I work at the Riebeek Hotel, just outside the town on the North Road," said the man. "People pull up there for a drink on hot nights. Morning after that first murder I was thinking—I remember I served a drink to the man who done it."

Captain Garcia nodded encouragingly.

"Then I remembered a fellow who drove up and stopped outside the hotel—there 's a sort of garden there, you know. He had a girl with him. Wouldn't get out of his car. I brought them a couple of brandies and he paid, and when I came out again he was gone."

"What did the man look like? What made you suspicious?"

"Sounds silly, don't it? But there was nothing—except the time I called—to make me wonder. I can't remember his face. Hardly noticed the girl at all. Never thought of taking the number of the car. But in the morning, when I read about the murder in the newspaper, and so close to the hotel it was, I thought, hello, perhaps that was the murderer. Then it struck me that he had gone off before I could collect the glasses. I looked round the garden and sure enough there were the two glasses under a bush."

Garcia felt his heart beat fast as a great hope filled his mind.

"Were they washed—those glasses?"

"No, Sir. I felt a bit of a fool for doing it, but I put them in a paper bag and kept them in my room. It seemed so ridiculous. Nothing to go on at all, barring the fellow coming to the hotel not long before the murder that night, and the body being found only a few miles away. I couldn't make up my mind to tell the police—seemed such a long chance. But now . . ."

He held up the paper bag. Captain Garcia felt weak with emotion.

The finger-print department settled all doubts decisively. "One glass bears plain impression of Rose Dreyer's prints," came the report. "Both glasses show prints of the hotel employee and those of another man, unknown."

Captain Garcia received the *Evening News* representative cordially. "I shall have a story to-night, Peters. You 'll be down on the promenade, I take it?"

Peters took a cigarette from Garcia's case and nodded eagerly. "Yes. On to something then, Captain?"

"Exactly. Please say nothing except that I hope to make an arrest."

They met on the promenade long before the "Ripper's" appointed hour. Half the city seemed to have gathered expectantly along the waterfront, while the other half was drifting down to look for front seats at the drama. Plain-clothes men mingled with them.

"Peters," said Captain Garcia suddenly. "I want to see you up at headquarters. It 's urgent."

"I can't leave here now—why, that fellow may start his stabbing while we are away."

"Come, Peters." There was a car waiting, detectives closed in round him, searched him as they drove away. The knife was hidden in a special pocket inside the left sleeve.

"You can't hang me for this, Garcia," growled Peters. "A knife is not evidence when there is nothing else."

"Finger-prints are evidence," said Captain Garcia quietly, as the car drove through the gaol gates and heavy doors clanged behind them. "You were vain and careless, Peters, and you knew too much."

THE END.

A Taste of Peace-Time Pleasure

IN EVERY TENDER SLICE

For generations the well-laid British Table has displayed the tempting sight of Paysandu Ox-Tongue in all its melting tenderness. It brings a taste of good living even in these times.

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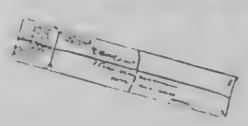

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Some Organisations Worthy of Your Support.

The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship.

The "Arethusa" Training Ship has given 13,885 boys a chance in life to become good sailors. Of these, 4432 passed into the Royal Navy and 7264 the Merchant Navy, while others have gone to the Royal Naval School of Music, or have emigrated, etc. To-day, in most ships of H.M. Fleets, old "Arethusa" boys can be found. Many have won distinction in this and the last war. For nine months of this year—1940—alone, no fewer than six old boys have attained Warrant Rank, and have received the Society's award of a sword. The "Arethusa" Training Ship at present has had to be evacuated, and a reduced number of boys are receiving their training at Salcombe, in Devon. They have already shown what they can do for their Country by helping to build the Shore Defences. Boys from the Society's Country Homes are also doing fine work in one or other of the Forces, either on land or in the air. The Girls' Home, too, constantly hears of Old Girls taking their places either in the Land Army or Nursing Staff. Funds are very depleted, through friends being no longer in a position to help, and many fresh helpers are needed. Please send your gifts to the Headquarters at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

A child, once cruelly neglected, now happy under the care of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes hope to give their family of 8250 boys and girls, including some 350 whose fathers are in the Forces, a full measure of Christmas cheer. Please do see what you can do towards the happiness of the world's largest family by sending a special Christmas gift—remembering that over 2700 Barnardo old boys are helping by land, sea and air to secure our freedom! Cheques, etc., should be sent to 20, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

British Prisoners of War Books and Games Fund.

How would *you* like to spend Christmas in a German Prison Camp? This is the fate facing thousands of our soldiers, sailors and airmen (in fact, the majority of the 70,000 British casualties, as the Prime Minister has recently disclosed) who in fighting for our freedom have lost their own, and will now spend their first Christmas in enemy hands, far away from their homes and families. The authorities are arranging for the men to receive special Christmas fare and the *British Prisoners of War Books and Games Fund* (under Sir Hugh Walpole's chairmanship) is supplementing this by sending Christmas games and amusements, and music, so that there will be a note of gaiety and good cheer in the grim surroundings of the prison camps. In fact, the walls of the camps may soon echo to the unusual sound of Christmas carols being sung by Englishmen in captivity! Will every reader of *The Sphere* please help by sending a donation, however large, or small, and give new hope to the men this Christmastide, with the fervent wish that they may soon be home again? Carrington House, Hertford Street, London, W.1.

Continued overleaf

P.S.

Don't, please don't, forget our Cripples!

In war-time, welfare work is apt to be overlooked. But we, at John Groom's Crippleage, must carry on, for we have great and ever-increasing responsibilities.

Training Crippled Girls to enable them to become partially self-supporting is costly. We have over 300—all crippled beyond recovery. Our 150 orphan girls, whom we fully maintain from infancy to 15 years of age, had to be removed from Clacton to Bridgnorth, Shropshire, at very considerable expense. In consequence, the popular fêtes at Clacton had to be abandoned. This, in itself, represents a serious loss of much-needed revenue. We are maintaining our other social services but we are entirely dependent upon voluntary contributions and legacies, so we hope that all who can do so will send us a Christmas offering. The call is urgent and the cause worthy.

President: THE RT. HON. LORD RADSTOCK

Illustrated Annual Report gladly sent on request.

JOHN GROOM'S CRIPPLEAGE AND FLOWER-GIRLS' MISSION (Inc.)

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Don't let the war spoil the Children's CHRISTMAS!

8,250

Boys and Girls constantly supported.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS towards the maintenance of this NATIONAL WORK will be heartily welcomed.

8 Branches have been damaged by enemy action but no casualties to children or staff.

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Over 2,700 Barnardo Old Boys and Girls Serving

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Children to-day—citizens to-morrow. Happy children—happy citizens, that is the law of life. The N.S.P.C.C. is moulding the future of thousands of to-morrow's citizens by saving them NOW from ill-treatment and neglect.

Will you do something for the citizens of the future?

The N.S.P.C.C. greatly needs your help to maintain its great work . . . a work of paramount importance to the individual and the community. Will you become an Annual Subscriber of, say, £1?

NATIONAL SOCIETY for the PROTECTION & CARE of CHILDREN N.S.P.C.C.

Hon. Treasurer, Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bt., National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

Christmas Greetings

Greetings to the brave men who are defending our land, to the very poor, to the lonely, the aged, and to gentlewomen in distress . . . . may their Christmas be one of happiness.

If you will play a part in the Church Army Christmas Programme you will help to ensure this happiness for many.

A large Centre for Troops can be provided and named for £500, a Mobile Canteen (which works among isolated Units) for £250.

Please send your Greetings to:

Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., Church Army, 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1

Church Army

CHARITY IN WARTIME

The Church Army.

The Church Army always looks forward to Christmas, though it brings so much extra work; looks forward to it because it is possible, by the generous support of friends, to make so many people happy—the aged, the poor, the homeless, the sick, the young. This year there will be added work. Royal Air Force men, A.R.P. workers, First Aid Volunteers, Balloon Barrage men, members of the Army and the Navy—they will need to share in the amenities of Christmas Cheer which the Church Army can provide. Because the need is so much greater this year, the Church Army must have more help if it is to give Christmas a real meaning to many thousands. The Society's peace-time work, much of which is still being carried on, includes: Men and Youths-Work-Aid Homes, Prison Work, Employment Bureaux, Disabled Men's Workshops, Wayside Lodges, Probation Homes, Hostels, Homes for Aged Men, etc. Women and Girls-Classified Homes, Clubs, Prisoners' Families, Medical Mission, Homes for Aged Women, etc. Children-Motherless Welfare, Rescue, etc. Prebendary Carlile, C.H., D.D., looks forward to receiving generous donations at Church Army Headquarters, 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

The Distressed Gentlefolks' Aid Association.

This Association was formed for the relief of gentle-people, who, owing to various causes, are in deep distress and in many cases on the verge of starvation. The Association makes weekly grants to 360 of its necessitous cases and also supplies clothing, blankets, invalid comforts and making special allowances to others who are in great distress. Unfortunately, the number of poor souls in urgent need of assistance has increased, while the funds available are reduced on account of the War. The Association appeals for help that assistance, and perhaps a little comfort, may be given to more of the many who have found poverty and sadness in their old age.

The Waifs and Strays Society.

For the first time in its history the Society's Family is over the 5000 mark—at the moment it is 5004. The Society has given considerable help with the removal to safe areas of toddlers under five from the bombed districts of London. Most of these children are homeless and have no relatives or friends who can take them away, and up to the present 600 such children have been received. Nearly forty of the Society's Homes have had to be evacuated from danger areas, and in every one of our 110 Homes in different parts of the Country, special arrangements had to be made for protection against Air Raids. Although this has been done as reasonably as possible, the total cost is considerable. Since the outbreak of war the Society's income has decreased, while the cost of living has risen, and it makes it very difficult to carry on.

The National Society for Cancer Relief.

This Society devotes its energies to assisting the poor and destitute suffering from Cancer, and all those victims of the scourge who need nursing or other special facilities. Its services include the transport of patients to institutions for treatment, the provision of blankets, clothing, appliances, dressings, medicines, fuel, and special nourishment for patients in their own homes. For the many cases that are beyond hospital treatment the N.S.C.R. does all that is humanly possible to lessen the sufferers' distress of body and mind during life's closing days by providing allowances and invalid comforts from funds contributed by sympathetic donors. Over 500 cases are being assisted regularly, and with donations depleted by the War, help is immediately required that these rapidly growing services may be maintained.

RUSKIN ON THE ART OF LIFE

AS THE ART OF LIFE IS LEARNED, IT WILL BE FOUND AT LAST THAT ALL LOVELY THINGS ARE ALSO NECESSARY: THE WILD FLOWER BY THE WAYSIDE, AS WELL AS THE TENDED CORN; AND THE WILD BIRDS AND CREATURES OF THE FOREST, AS WELL AS THE TENDED CATTLE; BECAUSE MAN DOTH NOT LIVE BY BREAD ONLY, BUT ALSO BY THE DESERT MANNA; BY EVERY WONDROUS WORD AND UNKNOWABLE WORK OF GOD. HAPPY, IN THAT HE KNEW THEM NOT, NOR DID HIS FATHERS KNOW, AND THAT ROUND ABOUT HIM REACHES YET INTO THE INFINITE, THE AMAZEMENT OF HIS EXISTENCE. —*Ruskin.*

THIS CHRISTMAS NUMBER

The cover for this Christmas issue has been specially designed by Millar Watt, and is, we trust, not inapposite to one facet of the present state of affairs. The young knight is receiving at the hands of the fair lady a winged helmet in recognition of his prowess. Beyond are the white cliffs of Albion. A more definite reference to wartime conditions appears in the article on "the kilt in wartime." Otherwise the number has been planned to harmonise with the plum-pudding and the other time-honoured accompaniments of Christmastide.

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Christmas in Captivity

Thousands of our men will spend this Christmas in German Prison Camps away from their homes and families, and greatly in need of CHEER AND PICK-ME-UP after long months of captivity. Special seasonable fare is being provided for the men and we are supplementing this by sending Christmas games and entertainments and music, so that Christmas can be celebrated in traditional manner even in the dreary surroundings of the prison camps. PLEASE HELP us to send as many Christmas parcels as possible—and also with our work of sending books, games, gramophones, and sporting equipment to relieve the appalling monotony and strain the men will have to endure this winter. Donations, large or small, are most urgently needed and will be gratefully received by

★ The first "CAPTURE" parcel

We send each Prisoner on capture his name and number reading "Capture" parcel, containing Oxford Little Bible (a source of comfort to men in captivity), a set of chess and draughts, a "thriller" and a pack of cards together with a printed form which he is asked to fill in PREFERENCES for further parcels

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regret—

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WE hope you will come and see our collection of Presents In spite of the war you will find them better and more varied than ever, and the most economical in London.

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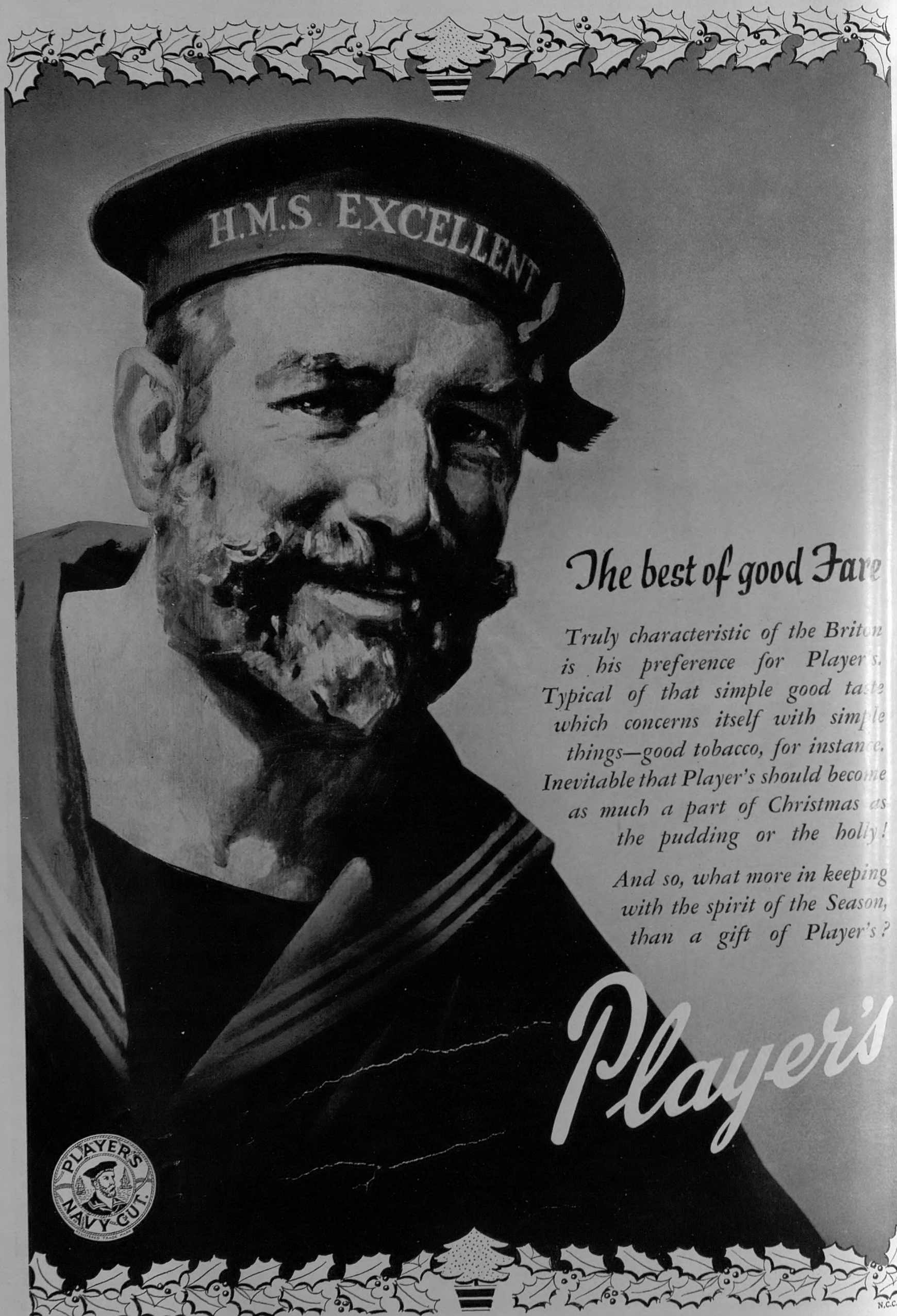
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PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—NOVEMBER 20, 1940. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.